

THE CONFESSION OF GUILT

A STORY BY TRYTEN

PART **1**



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No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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THE EDITOR

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DISCLAIMER PAGE

WE'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN HERE
PLAYING FOR YOU, OUR
DEDICATED READERS, AND WE
HOPE YOU'VE HAD FUN TOO
READING THIS AMAZING STORY!

I KNOW I HAD A BLAST! THIS
WAS A REALLY GOOD WAY
FOR ME TO WORK OUT ALL
MY "NEEDS." TEE HEE!

WE'RE KINKY TOONS
THAT LIKE DOING
FICTIONAL ROLE PLAY
FOR OUR READERS!
THIS IS ALL
CONSENSUAL AND
EVERYONE HERE IS
AN ADULT!

AND REMEMBER, WE
ARE TOONS! WE CAN
TAKE A LOT MORE
THAN A REAL PERSON
CAN, SO PLEASE
LEAVE IT TO THE
PROFESSIONALS! WE
CAN MAKE THE HARD
STUFF FUN!

WE'RE ALL FRIENDS
OF "FATHER"
ROCCASILUS, AND
HE REALLY KNOWS
HOW TO MAKE
SOME REALLY HOT
STUFF! OOH, I'M
WET ALREADY! I
CAN'T WAIT!

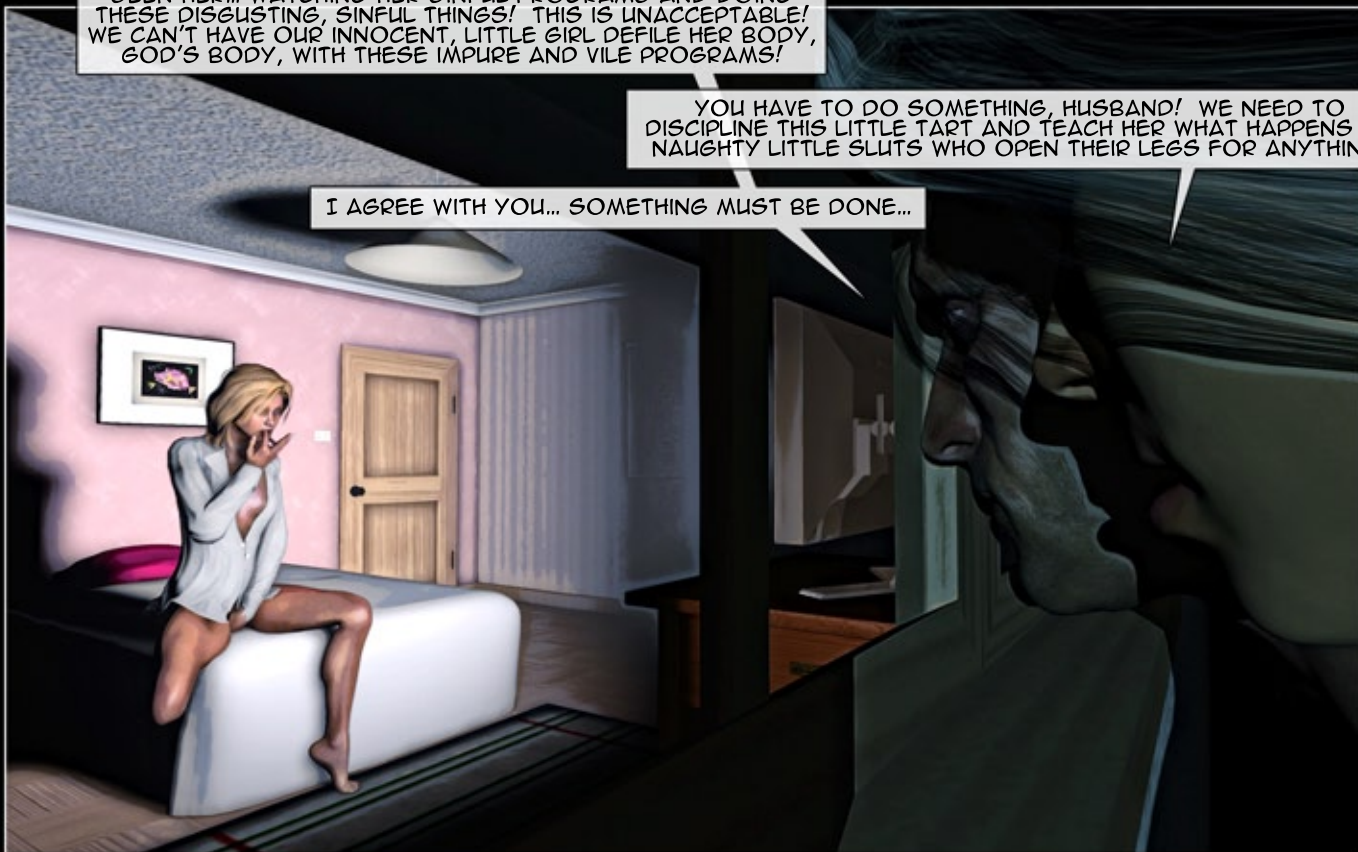
THE CONFESSION OF GUILT

TRYTEN

LOOK AT THAT LITTLE SLUT! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I'VE SEEN HER... WATCHING HER SINFUL PROGRAMS AND DOING THESE DISGUSTING, SINFUL THINGS! THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE! WE CAN'T HAVE OUR INNOCENT, LITTLE GIRL DEFILE HER BODY, GOD'S BODY, WITH THESE IMPURE AND VILE PROGRAMS!

YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, HUSBAND! WE NEED TO DISCIPLINE THIS LITTLE TART AND TEACH HER WHAT HAPPENS TO NAUGHTY LITTLE SLUTS WHO OPEN THEIR LEGS FOR ANYTHING!

I AGREE WITH YOU... SOMETHING MUST BE DONE...



ANGELA! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

THE MILLER FAMILY WAS ONE THAT BELIEVED STRONGLY IN THE WORDS AND TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR, JESUS CHRIST. A DEVOUT AND DEVOTED RELIGIOUS FAMILY, CHURCH WAS A SACRED DUTY AND THE WORD OF THE BIBLE WAS IMMUTABLE LAW. THE MILLERS WORKED HARD AND SACRIFICED MUCH TO MAKE SURE THEIR DAUGHTER, ANGELA MILLER, WOULD GO TO AN IVY LEAGUE SCHOOL.

ON ANGELA'S 18TH BIRTHDAY, MRS. MILLER SLAVED AWAY IN THE KITCHEN BAKING A BIRTHDAY CAKE. THE MILLERS WAITED FOR THEIR DAUGHTER TO COME DOWN AND CELEBRATE, BUT ANGELA DID NOT SEEM INTERESTED. THEY WAITED UNTIL THEY COULD WAIT NO MORE...

ANGELA'S MOTHER AND FATHER WALKED UP TO ANGELA'S ROOM, AND THEY RECEIVED A MOST UNPLEASANT SURPRISE: A MASTURBATING DAUGHTER!

M-MOM?! OH... I... I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING... I... I WAS JUST...

SILENCE, WHORE! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WERE DOING! YOU WERE PLAYING WITH YOURSELF LIKE SOME KIND OF BEWITCHED JEZEBEL!

I KNEW IT WAS A BAD IDEA TO LET YOU HAVE THAT BOX OF SMUT IN YOUR BEDROOM! NOW IT HAS CORRUPTED YOUR SOUL!

COME WITH ME! YOUR FATHER AND I MUST CLEANSE YOU OF YOUR WICKED WAYS!

WH-WHAT DO YOU... WHAT ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO DO TO ME?

ANGELA... IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE SINNED? IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE DEFILED YOUR BODY, GOD'S BODY, WITH YOUR FINGERS AND THOUGHT IMPURE THOUGHTS? TELL ME THE TRUTH! DON'T YOU DARE LIE TO ME!



ENOUGH! I CAN ALREADY TELL THAT THIS LITTLE SLUTBAG IS PLANNING TO LIE, TO GET AWAY WITH HER ACT OF SIN! A TRULY HONEST AND RIGHTEOUS GIRL WOULD HAVE IMMEDIATELY RESPONDED THAT SHE IS INNOCENT. INSTEAD... YOU HESITATE... YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID IS WRONG... AND NOW YOU'LL BE PUNISHED!

B-BUT...

NO BUTS! DEAR... IT'S TIME WE TAUGHT OUR SINNING DAUGHTER A LESSON!

HEH HEH HEH... YES, DEAR, I WON'T HOLD BACK! THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, ANGELA!

YOU SLUT! YOU WHORE! YOU JEZEBEL! YOU TART! HOW DARE YOU TOUCH AND PLEASURE YOURSELF?! HOW DARE YOU DEFILE THE BODY THAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU!

AHHH!! OH GOD! OH GOD PLEASE STOP, YOU'RE HURTING MEEE!

SHE DARES TO TAKE OUR LORD'S NAME IN VAIN, DEAR HUSBAND! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN TRULY CORRUPTED BY THAT SINNING BOX IN HER ROOM! I'M AFRAID THIS WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR ANGELA... OH NO... NOT BY FAR...

WE MUST TAKE HER TO A PLACE THAT IS PURE... A PLACE THAT CAN TRULY SAVE HER SOUL... CLOTHE OUR SINFUL DAUGHTER!

DO... DO I HAVE TO GO TO HEAVEN'S MANOR, MOTHER?

YES... IT WILL BE BEST FOR YOU... THEY WILL CORRECT YOUR SINNING NATURE AND MAKE YOU PURE AGAIN IN THE EYES OF THE LORD!

IT IS A STRICT, CHRISTIAN BOARDING SCHOOL. THEY WILL KNOW WHAT'S BEST... NOW WE MUST MAKE YOU READY...

THE MILLERS TOOK ANGELA AWAY TO A DISTANT BOARDING SCHOOL, FAR FROM THE CITY...

DON'T WORRY, MRS. MILLER. YOUR DEAR, SWEET ANGELA IS SAFE IN MY HANDS. I WILL MAKE SURE SHE IS MADE INNOCENT AND RIGHTEOUS AGAIN!

THANK YOU, FATHER ROCCASIOUS! I KNOW YOU AND YOUR STAFF HERE AT HEAVEN'S MANOR WILL CORRECT MY DAUGHTER'S WICKED, SINFUL, AND SLUTTY BEHAVIOR! WE EVEN BOUND HER HANDS, SO SHE COULDN'T TOUCH HERSELF ON THE WAY HERE!

OBEY FATHER ROCCASIOUS, ANGELA! THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

Y-YES, FATHER...

NOW THAT YOUR PARENTS ARE GONE, WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD! I'M GOING TO STRIP YOU BARE!!

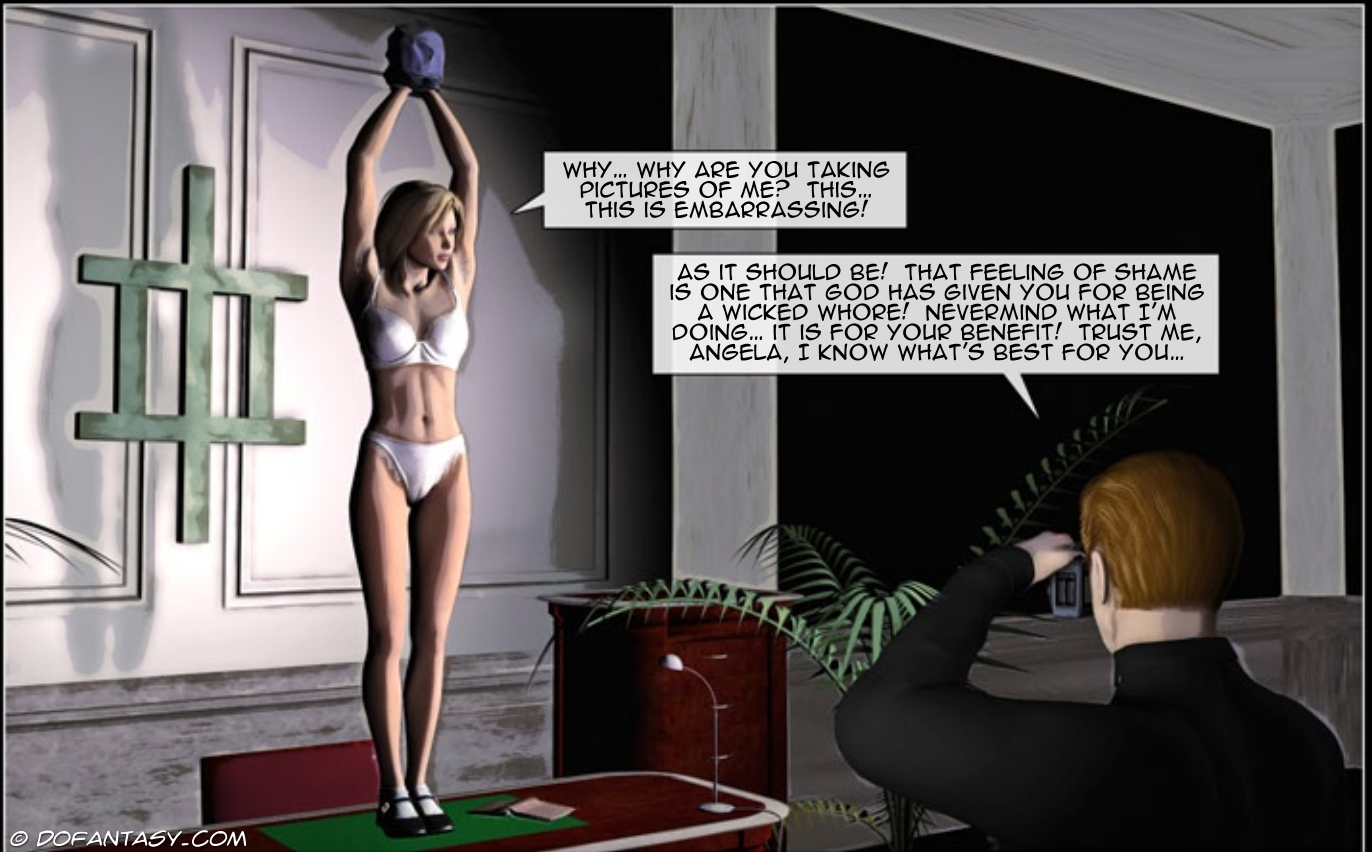
W-WHAT? BUT... BUT...

YOUR FATHER TOLD YOU TO OBEY ME... OBEY ME! I MUST INSPECT EVERY INCH OF YOUR BODY TO MAKE SURE YOU ARE NOT HIDING ANYTHING WICKED AND NAUGHTY!

POOR ANGELA HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY FATHER ROCCASIVUS... HER OWN FATHER HAD WARNED HER TO OBEY THE PRIEST. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW, BUT THINGS WERE GOING TO GET WORSE FOR HER... MUCH, MUCH WORSE...

OH GOD, THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING... I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME! I SHOULDN'T HAVE PLAYED WITH MYSELF! NOW SOME STRANGE MAN IS LOOKING AT MY MOST SECRET PARTS!

YES... YES... SHE WILL DO NICELY... MMM... SUCH SUCCULENT, SWEET FLESH... AND INNOCENT TOO! THIS IS GREAT!



WHY... WHY ARE YOU TAKING PICTURES OF ME? THIS... THIS IS EMBARRASSING!

AS IT SHOULD BE! THAT FEELING OF SHAME IS ONE THAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU FOR BEING A WICKED WHORE! NEVERMIND WHAT I'M DOING... IT IS FOR YOUR BENEFIT! TRUST ME, ANGELA, I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU...

POOR ANGELA FELT SUCH DEEP AND AWFUL SHAME AS THE CAMERA SNAPPED ITS LEWD PICTURES OF HER, AND THE FLASH BLINDED HER. HER FACE FLUSHED RED, AND SHE SQUIRMED, RUBBING HER SOFT, SILKY THIGHS TOGETHER AS SHE TRIED TO SHIELD HER MOST PRIVATE AND SACRED OF PLACES... THE MOST SACRED OF PLACES A WOMAN HAS...

MEANWHILE, FATHER ROCCASIVUS FELT HIS OWN COCK GROW HARDER AND HARDER IN HIS PANTS AS HE THOUGHT OF ALL THE AWFUL AND NASTY THINGS HE WOULD DO WITH DEAR, SWEET ANGELA...

NOW, WE MUST TAKE DEEP AND INTIMATE PHOTOS OF YOUR CROTCH, OF YOUR SNATCH, TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT HIDING ANYTHING TRULY DISGUSTING IN THERE!

P-PLEASE NO... PLEASE DON'T... NOT THERE! PLEASE!



HEH HEH HEH... THOSE TEARS YOU'RE SHEDDING, THAT SHAME YOU FEEL... THAT'S GOD'S PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR WICKED, FEMININE LUSTS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD GIRL AND BEHAVED YOURSELF... NOW YOU'RE FEELING GOD'S RETRIBUTION FOR YOUR CRIMES OF SLUTTINESS!

FATHER ROCCASIVUS TOOK MANY, INTIMATE PHOTOS OF ANGELA'S HELPLESS, NUDE BODY... BUT HE WASN'T DONE WITH THE GIRL... NOT BY A LONG SHOT... THERE WAS MUCH MORE HE HAD PLANNED FOR THE POOR, INNOCENT GIRL...

OH GOD, THIS FEELS SO HUMILIATING! I WISH I COULD JUST CURL UP IN A BALL AND DIE...

NOW ANGELA... YOUR PARENTS HAVE TOLD ME THAT YOU ARE GUILTY OF MANY, MANY SINS... LET'S BEGIN... HAVE YOU TOUCHED YOURSELF IN A CARNAL FASHION? SPEAK TRULY!

Y-YES SIR... I HAVE...

VERY GOOD... VERY GOOD! I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME! SHOW ME HOW YOUR VILE FINGERS AND WICKED LUSTS COMPELLED YOU TO FORNICATE WITH YOURSELF!

AAHHHH!!! NOOOO!!! PLEASE! PLEASE STOP!! YOU'RE HURTING ME! I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS!!! PLEASE!!! JUST LET ME GO!!!! PLEASE!! YOU'RE HURTING MEEEE!!!

OH... YOU THINK I'M HURTING YOU NOW? YOU HAVE NO IDEA! DO AS I SAY, OR YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE MUCH WORSE... AN ETERNITY OF HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION! DO IT NOW!

ANGELA HAD NO CHOICE... THE FEAR OF THIS MAN, OF FATHER ROCCASIVUS WAS STRONG, BUT HER FEAR OF THE DEVIL WAS WORSE... HER FACE BURNING RED WITH SHAME, ANGELA DID AS SHE WAS TOLD...

YES... JUST LIKE THAT... YES... SHOW ME WHAT YOU DID WITH YOURSELF...

I... I'LL DO AS YOU SAY... JUST PLEASE DON'T HURT ME...

YES... THAT'S IT... I CAN SEE THE CARNAL LUST BUILDING INSIDE YOU... SATAN HAS A STRONG HOLD OVER YOU INDEED... JUST LOOK AT YOUR PUSSY... IT'S ALREADY GLISTENING WITH YOUR SINFUL DESIRE!

ANGELA TRIED TO FORGET HER SITUATION, TRIED TO FORGET THE LEWD GAZE OF FATHER ROCCASIVUS ON HER YOUNG AND SUPPLE BODY... SHE TRIED TO THINK OF A BEAUTIFUL ACTOR, TRIED TO FANTASIZE ABOUT HIS KIND TOUCH...



OH GOD... THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING... I CAN'T BELIEVE A MAN IS WATCHING ME DO THIS!

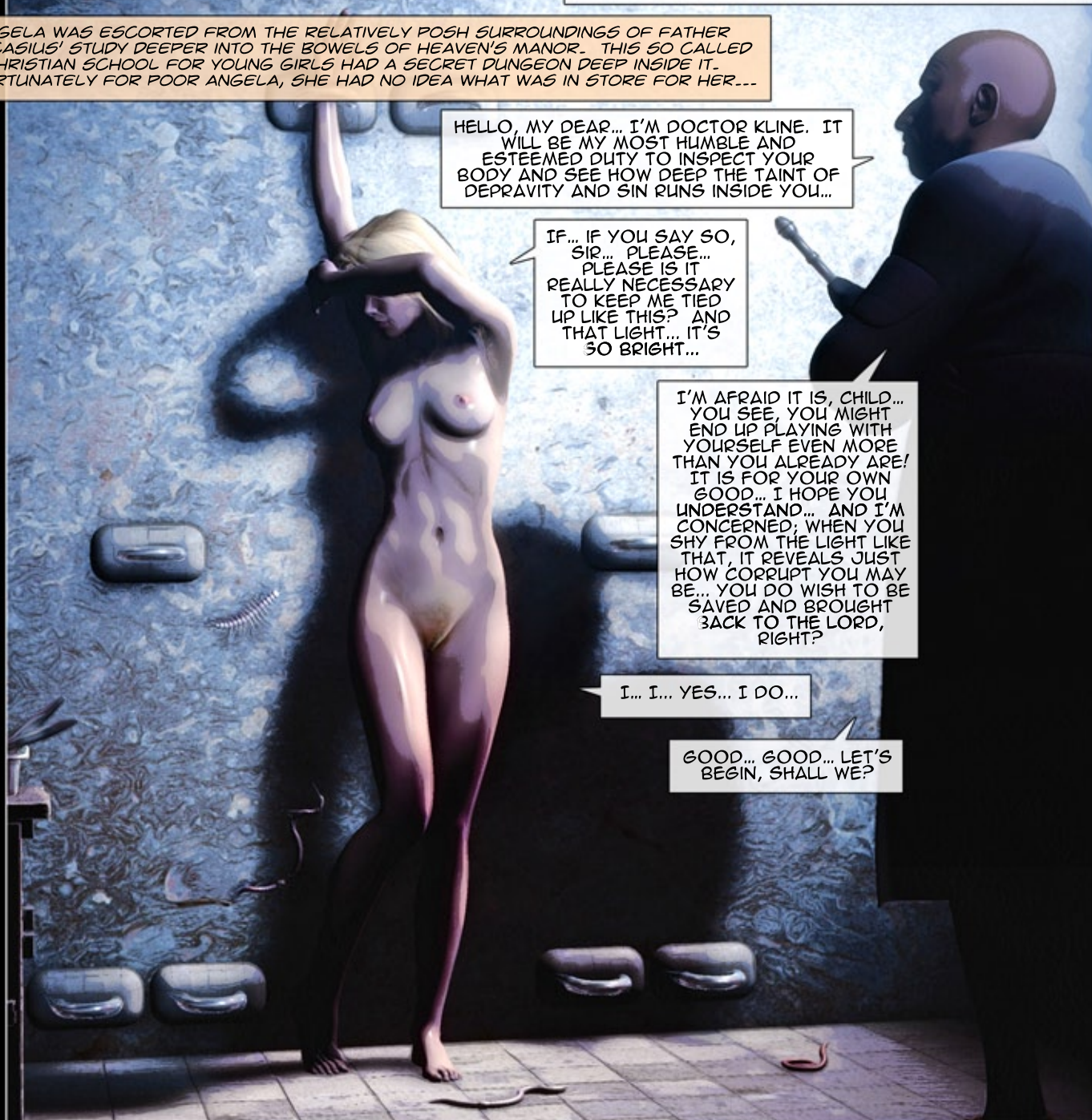
KEEP GOING! DON'T STOP! I MUST BEAR WITNESS TO THE DEPTH OF YOUR DEPRAVED LUSTS!



AHHH... AHHH... OHH... OH GOD... OH GOD!!!

AND YOU DARE TO TAKE THE NAME OF OUR LORD IN VAIN, TOO! AND YOU DARE TO CUM WHILE UNDER THE GAZE OF MY HOLY INVESTIGATION! YOU MAY BE BEYOND MY SALVATION! WE WILL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE DEEPER AND SEE IF WE CAN CLEANSE YOUR WICKED LUSTS FROM YOUR BODY!

ANGELA WAS ESCORTED FROM THE RELATIVELY POSH SURROUNDINGS OF FATHER ROCCASIVUS' STUDY DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF HEAVEN'S MANOR. THIS SO CALLED CHRISTIAN SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GIRLS HAD A SECRET DUNGEON DEEP INSIDE IT. UNFORTUNATELY FOR POOR ANGELA, SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR HER...



HELLO, MY DEAR... I'M DOCTOR KLINE. IT WILL BE MY MOST HUMBLE AND ESTEEMED DUTY TO INSPECT YOUR BODY AND SEE HOW DEEP THE TAIN OF DEPRAVITY AND SIN RUNS INSIDE YOU...

IF... IF YOU SAY SO, SIR... PLEASE... PLEASE IS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO KEEP ME TIED UP LIKE THIS? AND THAT LIGHT... IT'S SO BRIGHT...

I'M AFRAID IT IS, CHILD... YOU SEE, YOU MIGHT END UP PLAYING WITH YOURSELF EVEN MORE THAN YOU ALREADY ARE! IT IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND... AND I'M CONCERNED; WHEN YOU SHY FROM THE LIGHT LIKE THAT, IT REVEALS JUST HOW CORRUPT YOU MAY BE... YOU DO WISH TO BE SAVED AND BROUGHT BACK TO THE LORD, RIGHT?

I... I... YES... I DO...

GOOD... GOOD... LET'S BEGIN, SHALL WE?

AFTER ALL, WE MUST MAKE SURE THAT YOU ARE CLEAN AND PURE BEFORE WE PLACE YOU BEFORE THE LORD...

IF... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK NEEDS TO BE DONE...

OH GOD, I DON'T HAVE A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS! GULP!

NOW OF COURSE IT IS IMPORTANT THAT I RECORD THESE PROCEDURES... TO ESTABLISH A RECORD OF YOUR CLEANLINESS... OR LACK THEREOF! THE CAMERA ALSO FEEDS TO FATHER ROCCASIVS, WHO WILL BE MONITORING YOU FOR ANY SIGNS OF SIN AND BLIGHT...

IS... IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, DOCTOR? I... I DON'T WANT TO BE FILMED NAKED...

IT IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, CHILD! TRUST ME... I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU...

UNBEKNOWNST TO ANGELA, HEAVEN'S MANOR NEEDED MORE MONEY THAN IT RECEIVED IN TUITION FEES TO "EDUCATE" YOUNG AND INNOCENT GIRLS... FATHER ROCCASIVS AND HIS CRONIES HAD EXPENSIVE AND SADISTIC TASTES, AFTER ALL...

I CAN SEE HER FINE FROM HERE, DOCTOR. PLEASE PROCEED. LET'S SEE IF THIS GIRL IS AS CORRUPT AS HER PARENTS BELIEVE!

UNBEKNOWNST TO ANGELA, FATHER ROCCASIVS WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WATCHING... THERE WAS A LUCRATIVE PORN MARKET WITH AN INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR TORMENTING AND HURTING INNOCENT GIRLS, AND THEY WERE WILLING TO PAY FOR SOMETHING MORE REAL, MORE RAW...

MY GOODNESS... YOUR NIPPLES ARE QUITE SENSITIVE, CHILD... LOOK HOW THEY SPURT WITH LUST!

OOOWW... STOP! PLEASE! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

HEH HEH HEH... YOU CLAIM I'M HURTING YOU, BUT ONLY A SINFUL SLUT FULL OF DESIRE WOULD HAVE TITS THIS JUICY! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, VIEWERS?

OWW... OWW STOP... PLEASE STOP!

VIEWERS? WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY VIEWERS? ISN'T IT JUST FATHER ROCCASIVS?

HEH HEH HEH... YES, THAT'S RIGHT! LET'S KEEP GOING... I WANT TO SEE JUST HOW DEEP THE ROT GOES!

WE'VE GOT MANY TOYS HERE AT HEAVEN'S MANOR, SURELY ENOUGH TO SATISFY A STREETWALKING STRUMPET LIKE YOU, NO? I BET YOU RECOGNIZE THIS... CAN YOU FEEL IT AGAINST YOUR SENSITIVE FEET? JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT WILL FEEL LIKE AGAINST YOUR CLIT...

OH MY GOD, WHAT IS THAT? OH THAT FEELING! IT'S... IT'S MAKING MY TOES TINGLE!

BUZZ
BUZZ

HEH HEH HEH... JUST AS I SUSPECTED... HER PUSSY IS ABSOLUTELY SOAKING! SHE'S LOVING THIS!

NO! NO IT'S NOT TRUE!

KEEP TALKING, MY DEAR... YOUR CROTCH HAS REVEALED YOUR TRUE, BASE DESIRE!

LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU HANDLE THIS, MY DEAR... PAIN AND PLEASURE, A LOVELY COMBINATION!

N-NO... DON'T...
AHHH... AHHH...

AAHHHHH!!!

BY GOD! JUST LOOK AT HOW MUCH SHE SQUIRTS! SHE'S LIKE A FUCKING WATERFALL! HOW REVOLTING! YOU TRULY ARE A DISGUSTING GUTTERSLOT, AREN'T YOU!

N-NO... NO IT'S NOT... IT'S NOT TRUE... IT CAN'T BE TRUE...

BUT IT IS, MY DEAR! BUT IT IS... I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT JUST BE BEYOND OUR SALVATION... I WOULD PRAY TO THE LORD... IT IS ONLY THROUGH HIS BLESSING THAT YOU MIGHT BE SAVED NOW...

ANGELA FELT THE DEEPEST SHAME AT WHAT DOCTOR KLINE SAID, BUT DEEP DOWN, SHE WAS AFRAID THAT HIS WORDS WERE TRUE: EVEN NOW, HER PUSSY WAS TWITCHING AND SPASMING WITH A PLEASURE HER INNOCENT MIND COULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED OF MERE DAYS AGO WHEN SHE TOUCHED HERSELF WHILE WATCHING THE TELEVISION... MAYBE SHE WAS A SLUT AFTER ALL!

WITHOUT SALVATION... THERE IS A VERITABLE HELL OF TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE DELIGHTS WE COULD SHOW YOU...

OH MY GOD! NO! PLEASE NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL DO ANYTHING! JUST PLEASE DON'T!

HEH HEH HEH... ANYTHING YOU SAY? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...

THE PERVERTS AT HEAVEN'S MANOR WEREN'T DONE WITH POOR ANGELA, NOT BY A LONG SHOT. AFTER HAVING DRESSED HER AGAIN, TO "PRESERVE HER MODESTY," THE MONSTERS PUT ANGELA IN A ROOM THAT MORE CLOSELY RESEMBLED A PRISON CELL THAN A ROOM---

---ANGELA DIDN'T CARE, SHE WAS TOO TIRED---

OOOH... ANOTHER TOY TO PLAY WITH... THIS SHOULD BE FUN!

AND BECAUSE SHE WAS TOO TIRED, SHE DIDN'T HEAR THE DOOR OPEN NOR DID SHE SEE THE INVADER UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE---

HELLO THERE, CHILD... ARE YOU LOST? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WAY? YOU MUST HAVE... TO END UP IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

ME? LITTLE OLD ME? I'M NOBODY! DON'T YOU KNOW? HEE HEE HEE!

HEY! WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING DOWN THERE?! THAT'S THE NEW GIRL! GET AWAY FROM HER, MULLIGAN!

FUCK YOU! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS THAT I GET TO PLAY WITH THE GIRL FIRST! YOU JUST WANT SOME OF THIS! WELL YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY! GO FUCK YOURSELF!

OH GOD, THERE'S A MAN UP THERE, WATCHING ME! THIS IS SO HUMILIATING! I WISH I COULD DIE!

AND LOOK AT THESE NICE, FAT, JUICY TITS TOO! I BET YOU'D LOVE TO GET YOUR GRUBBY PAWS ON THESE!

AHHH!!! STOP!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

I SAID LEAVE HER ALONE, MULLIGAN! YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE THIS TIME!

FUCK YOU! I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!

I WONDER JUST HOW TIGHT
YOUR PUSSY IS... LET'S SEE...

JANET MULLIGAN! WHAT IS
THE MEANING OF THIS?!
UNHAND THAT GIRL AT ONCE!

OH GOD, I'M
SAVED! I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D BE
HAPPY TO SEE
FATHER ROCCASIUS!

HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU KNOW HOW
VALUABLE THAT GIRL IS? YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS, MISS MULLIGAN. I SWEAR
IT IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD!

FEH! YOUR LORD
CAN GO SUCK HIS
OWN COCK!

SUCH INSOLENCE!
CLEARLY YOUR
TRAINING HASN'T
TAUGHT YOU
MANNERS!
YOU'RE STILL
THINKING WITH
YOUR CROTCH
INSTEAD OF
YOUR BRAIN! I'LL
FIX THAT...

PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, ANGELA! MISS MULLIGAN HERE
IS AN ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT CASE. SHE CAME TO US A
WANTON WHORE, MUCH LIKE YOURSELF, BUT RATHER
THAN FEEL SHAME OR REMORSE FOR HER ACTIONS,
SHE'S ONLY BECOME MORE INSOLENT AND LUSTY!

HAH! YOU
COULDN'T
BREAK A
TOOTHPICK!
DO YOUR
WORST,
"FATHER!"
SEE HOW
MUCH I CARE!

TAKE NOTE,
ANGELA: THIS IS
WHAT HAPPENS TO
NAUGHTY SLUTS
WHO TALK BACK
TO THEIR BETTERS!

NRGH... A WHIP!
OOOH, I'M SO
SCARED! IS THAT THE
BEST YOU CAN DO?

BRAVE WORDS!
LET'S SEE HOW
YOUR CROTCH
HANDLES THIS!

EAAAARRRGSHHH!!!

RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR
SLUTTY LEGS, YOU
FILTHY, DISGUSTING,
WHORE OF BABYLON!

STOP! PLEASE
STOP, SIR!
YOU'RE KILLING
HER! PLEASE!

OH I'M NOT DONE WITH
HER YET... NOT BY A
LONG SHOT! YOUR
PUSSY MUST BE TAUGHT
HUMILITY, JANET
MULLIGAN... HUMILITY
AND PAIN!

CRACK

TELL ME YOU'RE A SINNER, JANET MULLIGAN! TELL IT TO ME, OR I'LL WHIP THE FLESH OFF YOUR BONES!

AHHH!!! AHHH!!! I'M A SINNER!!! STOP!!! STOP IT!!!

OH GOD, THIS IS SO TERRIBLE! HE'S GOING TO BEAT THAT POOR WOMAN TO DEATH, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! WHY OH WHY DID MY PARENTS SEND ME HERE?

WHY OH WHY DID I TOUCH MYSELF? THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! OH PLEASE, GOD, PLEASE SAVE ME FROM THIS HELL! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!

FATHER ROCCASILIUS IS A BUSY MAN---

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

WHY MUST WE BE NAKED?

...A SLAVER OF YOUNG, INNOCENT WHITE GIRLS MUST BE SO IN ORDER TO KEEP PROFITS HIGH---

SUSAN... 18 YEARS OLD... TELL ME TRUTHFULLY, CHILD, HAVE YOU SLEPT WITH ANOTHER MAN? ANSWER HONESTLY, AND THE LORD WILL HAVE MERCY...

NO... NO SIR...

F-FOUR BOYS HAVE SEEN ME NAKED... BUT I'VE NEVER SLEPT WITH THEM...

MORE THAN ONE IS TOO MANY! I KNEW I SMELLED THE STINK OF SIN ON YOUR BODY! LET'S SEE HOW "HONEST" YOUR ANSWER IS... BY SEEING JUST HOW TIGHT YOUR TWAT IS! GET ON THE CHAIR!

WE WILL SEE... IF YOU DON'T MIND, MY DEAR DOCTOR KLINE...

THE POOR GIRLS WERE TREATED LIKE MEAT... INSPECTED AND GRADED---

HEH HEH HEH... I THINK THIS ONE IS PRETTY GOOD, SHE'S GOT A JUICY TWAT THAT'S JUST BEGGING FOR COCK!

OH MY GOD, WHAT IS HE DOING TO HER?

DON'T LOOK! YOU MIGHT BE NEXT! THAT GUY IS A COMPLETE SADIST!

AAHH... AHHH! P-PLEASE STOP, SIR! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

NOW LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU HANDLE COCK! YOU'D BETTER RELAX THOSE CLINT MUSCLES, MY DEAR, OR THIS WILL BE... VERY PAINFUL... HEH HEH HEH... FATHER, PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO HELP ME... TO EASE THE GIRL'S CONSCIENCE?

OF COURSE, DOCTOR, OF COURSE.

OH NO! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO ME NOW?

PRAY TO THE LORD, CHILD... PRAY FOR YOUR MORTAL SOUL!

AAHHH... P-PLEASE, FATHER! PLEASE! IT... IT'S TOO BIG! IT'S GOING TO HURT MEEEE!! PLEASE DON'T LET HIM PUT THAT INSIDE ME!

HEH HEH HEH... SHE THINKS A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS WILL HURT HER! YOU HAVE NO IDEA... JUST WAIT UNTIL IT'S WEDGED DEEP UP YOUR SINNING SNATCH!

AAHHH!! AAHHH OH GOD!! PLEASE TAKE IT OUT!! PLEASE TAKE IT OUT!!

HEH HEH HEH, WE'RE REALLY PURGING THE DEVIL FROM YOU NOW, GIRL!

OOO, SHE SCREAMS NICE, I CAN THINK OF A FEW OF OUR CLIENTS WHO WILL LIKE HER...

A PLACE LIKE HEAVEN'S MANOR BREEDS ONLY THE CRUELEST OF MONSTERS... FATHER ROCCASILIUS AND DR. KLINE WERE NO EXCEPTION. THEY BRUTALIZED THE POOR GIRL'S PUSSY WHILE SHE WAILED AND SCREAMED IN PAIN AND AGONY. RATHER THAN INSTILL PITY, SUSAN'S SCREAMS ONLY MADE THE MENS' COCKS THROB AND GROW ROCK HARD!

SUSAN HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT THE MASSIVE, METAL DILDO DEEP INSIDE HER CLINT. HER TWAT TWITCHED PAINFULLY AND SPASTICALLY AS DOCTOR KLINE SLOWLY, BUT INEXORABLY THRUST THE FULL LENGTH OF THE METAL COCK DEEPER AND DEEPER UP SUSAN'S GROANING SNATCH... A SOFT, DEWY SWEAT BROKE OUT OVER SUSAN'S BODY AS SHE STRUGGLED TO ACCEPT THE HUGE INVADER...

DON'T WORRY, SLUT! WE'RE PURGING YOUR SINS FROM YOUR SLIT! TRUST ME, IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD EYEFUL, GIRL... YOU'RE NEXT!

OH GOD NO! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN TAKE ANYTHING THAT HUGE INSIDE ME! IT'LL TEAR ME IN TWO!!

AAHHH!! PLEASE NO MORE! PLEASE! YOU'RE KILLING ME! PLEASE!

MY GOD! THESE GUYS ARE MERCILESS! I'M GOING TO DIE HERE!

BY GOD! YOU'VE CUM ALL OVER THIS ENORMOUS, METAL COCK! YOU'RE A TRUE SLUT, INDEED! HOW DISGUSTING! HOW REVOLTING! THE LORD WILL JUDGE YOU HARSHLY FOR SURE!



OH GOD... OH THANK GOD IT'S OUT...

OF COURSE, WE SHOULD MAKE SURE THAT'S THE CASE... MAYBE YOU NEED ANOTHER ROUND...

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HEAVEN'S MANOR DUNGEONS...



WHAT WAS THAT? PLEASE SIR... I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM? WHY AM I CHAINED UP LIKE THIS? PLEASE HELP ME!

HEH HEH HEH... YOU SHOULD SAVE YOUR BREATH, GIRL... IT'LL BE YOUR TURN SOON ENOUGH!



AAAAHHH!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!! STOP! THIS... THIS IS WRONG! NOOOO!!! PLEASE!

HEH HEH HEH... YOUR MOUTH SAYS NO, BUT YOUR PUSSY SAYS YES! YOU'RE DRIPPING, YOU DIRTY GIRL!

OF COURSE, THERE'S NO REASON I CAN'T PLAY WITH THE MEAT FIRST...

FRED! YO FRED, THE "FATHER" IS READY FOR THE NEXT ONE!

WELL SHIT, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE LUCKY, CLINT... OR MAYBE UNLUCKY! HEH HEH HEH...



WHERE'S HE TAKING ME NOW? OH GOD... WHAT'S GOING ON? I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!

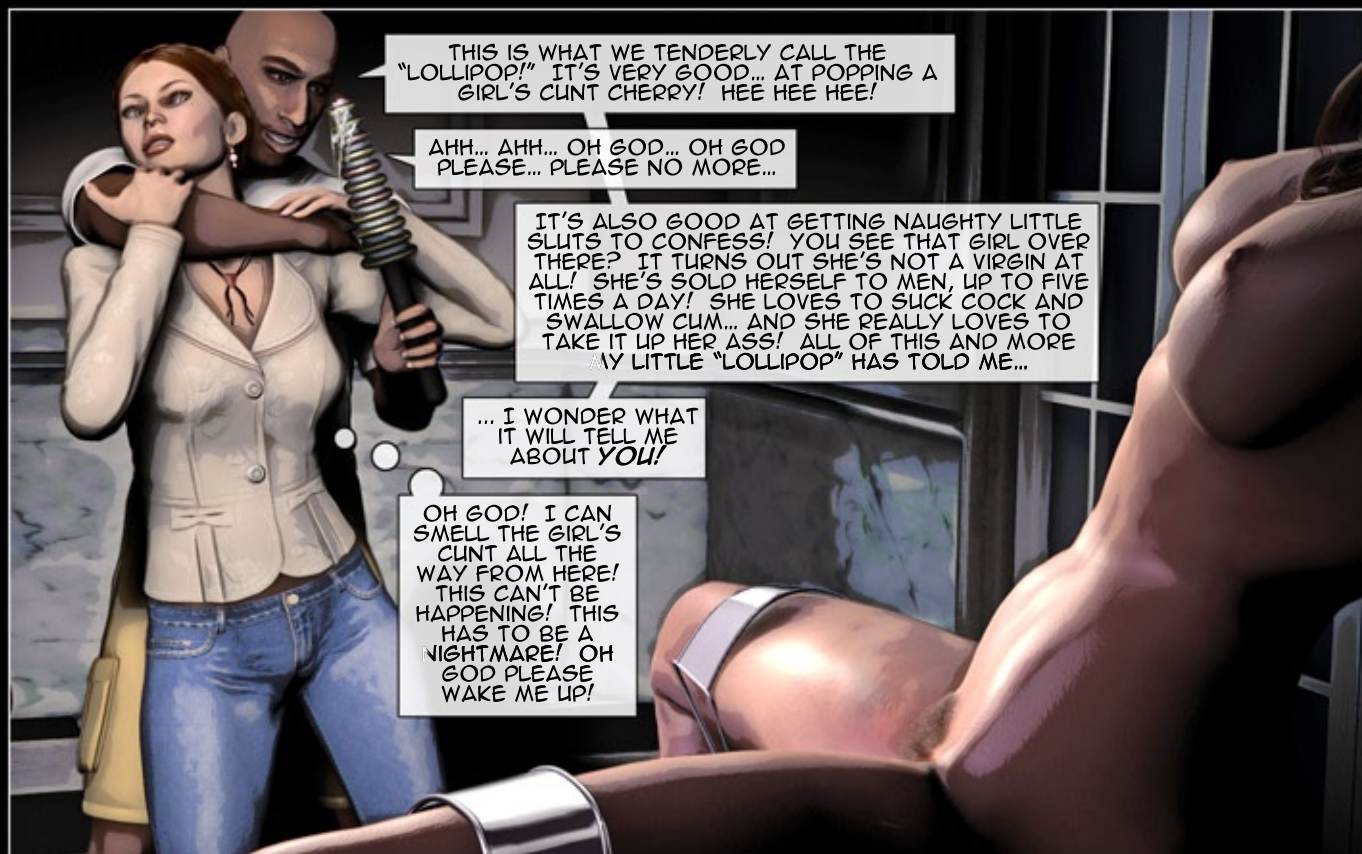
HERE SHE IS, DOCTOR.

AAAAHHH!!! AAAHHH OH GOD!!! PLEASE NO MORE!!! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEEEAAAASSEEE!!!

WHAT ARE YOU BLATHERING ON ABOUT? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

THIS IS SHEILA MITCHELL, SIR. SHE'S ONE OF THE NEW GIRLS...

AHH... OF COURSE, OF COURSE... SHEILA... LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE...



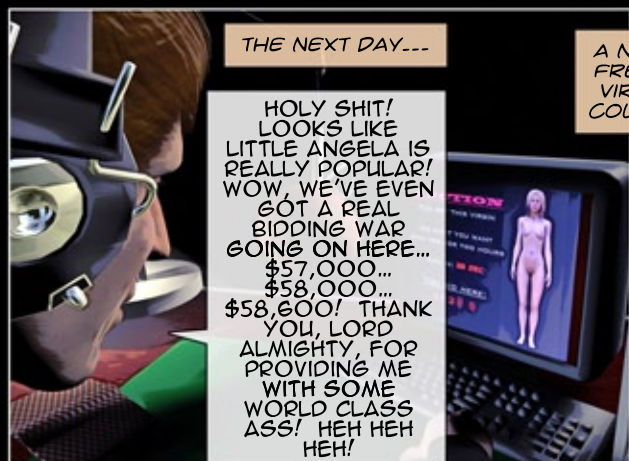
THIS IS WHAT WE TENDERLY CALL THE "LOLLIPOP!" IT'S VERY GOOD... AT POPPING A GIRL'S CLUNT CHERRY! HEE HEE HEE!

AHH... AHH... OH GOD... OH GOD PLEASE... PLEASE NO MORE...

IT'S ALSO GOOD AT GETTING NAUGHTY LITTLE SLUTS TO CONFESS! YOU SEE THAT GIRL OVER THERE? IT TURNS OUT SHE'S NOT A VIRGIN AT ALL! SHE'S SOLD HERSELF TO MEN, UP TO FIVE TIMES A DAY! SHE LOVES TO SUCK COCK AND SWALLOW CUM... AND SHE REALLY LOVES TO TAKE IT UP HER ASS! ALL OF THIS AND MORE MY LITTLE "LOLLIPOP" HAS TOLD ME...

... I WONDER WHAT IT WILL TELL ME ABOUT YOU!

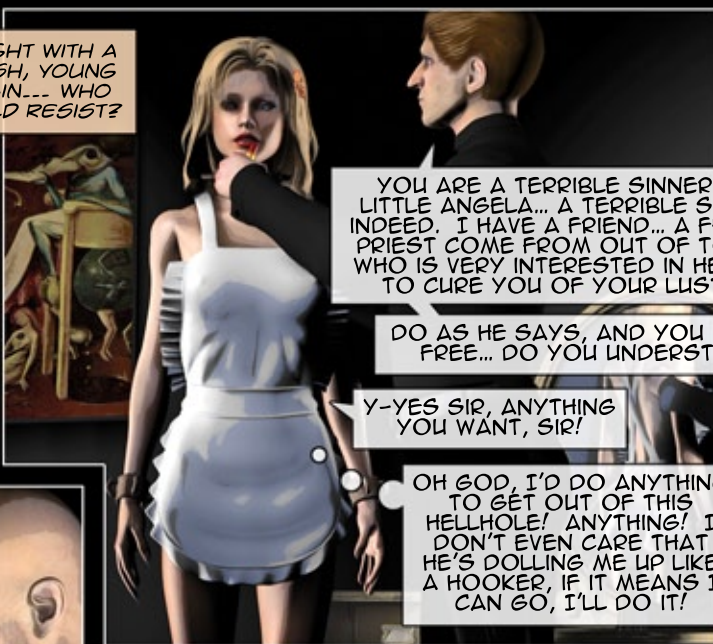
OH GOD! I CAN SMELL THE GIRL'S CLUNT ALL THE WAY FROM HERE! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! THIS HAS TO BE A NIGHTMARE! OH GOD PLEASE WAKE ME UP!



THE NEXT DAY...

HOLY SHIT! LOOKS LIKE LITTLE ANGELA IS REALLY POPULAR! WOW, WE'VE EVEN GOT A REAL BIDDING WAR GOING ON HERE...
\$57,000...
\$58,000...
\$58,600! THANK YOU, LORD ALMIGHTY, FOR PROVIDING ME WITH SOME WORLD CLASS ASS! HEH HEH HEH!

A NIGHT WITH A FRESH, YOUNG VIRGIN... WHO COULD RESIST?

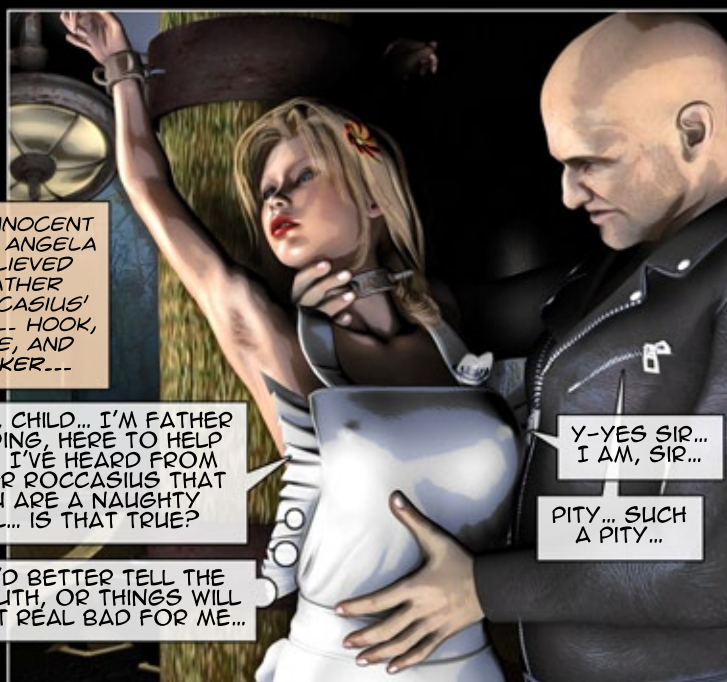


YOU ARE A TERRIBLE SINNER, MY LITTLE ANGELA... A TERRIBLE SINNER INDEED. I HAVE A FRIEND... A FELLOW PRIEST COME FROM OUT OF TOWN... WHO IS VERY INTERESTED IN HELPING TO CURE YOU OF YOUR LUSTS...

DO AS HE SAYS, AND YOU WILL GO FREE... DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

Y-YES SIR, ANYTHING YOU WANT, SIR!

OH GOD, I'D DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE! ANYTHING! I DON'T EVEN CARE THAT HE'S DOLLING ME UP LIKE A HOOKER, IF IT MEANS I CAN GO, I'LL DO IT!



AN INNOCENT GIRL, ANGELA BELIEVED FATHER ROCCASIVUS' LIES... HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER...

HELLO, CHILD... I'M FATHER GROOMING, HERE TO HELP YOU. I'VE HEARD FROM FATHER ROCCASIVUS THAT YOU ARE A NAUGHTY GIRL... IS THAT TRUE?

I'D BETTER TELL THE TRUTH, OR THINGS WILL GET REAL BAD FOR ME...

Y-YES SIR... I AM, SIR...

PITY... SUCH A PITY...



IF YOU WANT TO BE SAVED, YOU MUST SWALLOW ALL MY HOLY SEED! IT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE!

IF... IF YOU... IF YOU WANT... OH GOD NO! PLEASE NO!



YOU FUCKING CUNT!
HOW DARE YOU VOMIT
ALL OVER MY COCK!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!

HUUAAAAGGGHH!!!



KOFF KOFF! P-PLEASE
SIR... I COULDN'T HELP
MYSELF... PLEASE!

SAVE YOUR
BLEATING! YOU'VE
MADE A REAL
FUCKING MESS,
AND I'M FUCKING
PISSED! NO GIRL
PLUKES ON MY
COCK AND GETS
AWAY WITH IT!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? NO!
DON'T! STOP!

"FATHER" GRODING LET HIS RAGE TAKE OVER HIM, AND
HE DROPPED ALL PRETENSE OF BEING A CLERGYMAN...
POOR ANGELA, TERRIFIED OUT OF HER WITS AS MR.
GRODING CHAINED HER DOWN, DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE---

ROCCASIUS TELLS ME
YOU'RE A VIRGIN. I HOPE
FOR YOUR SAKE THAT HE
WAS RIGHT... I SPENT
QUITE A BIT OF MONEY
ON YOU, GIRL, AND
YOU'D BETTER PAY UP!
NOW... LET ME TAKE A
PEEK AT THOSE NICE,
TIGHT HOLES OF YOURS...



MONEY? WHAT THE
HECK IS HE TALKING
ABOUT? OH GOD...
OH GOD WHAT IS
HE GOING TO DO
TO ME? THIS
CAN'T BE GOOD!

ANGELA'S YOUNG,
DELICATE BODY
SHIVERED IN THE
COLDNESS OF THE
DUNGEON CELL AS
"FATHER" GRODING RAN
HIS ROUGH, OILY HANDS
OVER HER SUPPLE,
YOUTHFUL BODY. MR.
GRODING MISTOOK
ANGELA'S SHIVERING
FOR AROUSAL - IN
REALITY, INNOCENT
ANGELA WAS SHIVERING
FROM PURE,
UNADULTERATED
TERROR! HER BACK
ARCHED AWAY FROM HIS
FINGERTIPS AS HE SLID
HIS HAND DOWN THE
CURVE OF HER SPINE
AND ACROSS THE SWELL
OF HER FULL, PERFECT
ASS CHEEKS BEFORE
NESTLING RUDELY IN THE
CRACK BETWEEN
ANGELA'S FULL,
PERFECT ASS GLOBES.
ANGELA HAD NO IDEA
WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR
HER INNOCENT ASS
CHERRY... NO IDEA...



AHHH!!! NOOO!!!
PLEASE!!! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?
PLEASE STOP!

HEH HEH HEH... A
TIGHT ASSHOLE
JUST MIGHT BE MY
MEAL TICKET... LET'S
SEE JUST HOW
GOOD YOUR
ASSHOLE IS!



AAHHHH!!!
STOP!!!
PLEASE!!!
YOU'RE
KILLING ME!!!
NOOOOOO!!
AHHH...
AHHHH!!!

HOLY SHIT, BABE!
I CAN BARELY FIT
MY FINGERS IN
HERE! I GUESS
ROCCASIUS WAS
RIGHT! DAMN,
YOU'RE GOING TO
BE A REAL GOOD
LAY! BUT FIRST
WE'VE GOT TO
CLEAN YOU UP!
HEH HEH HEH...

NOOOO!!! PLEASE STOP!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!! PLEASE!!! AHH... AHHH... I... I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! PLEASE!! I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!!

DO YOU THINK I GIVE A FUCK?! GO AHEAD! IT'S THE LEAST YOU DESERVE FOR PUKING YOUR GUTS OUT WHILE GIVING ME A BLOWJOB, YOU FUCKING CUNT!

MR. GRODING FILLED POOR ANGELA TO THE BRIM BEFORE HE FINALLY RELENTED AND LET HER RELIEVE HERSELF...

YES... JUST LIKE THAT... NOW YOUR ASS IS NICE AND CLEAN... AND READY TO GET FUCKED!

OH GOD... OH GOD... THESE... THESE GUYS ARE MONSTERS! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE, OR THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!

BUT HE WASN'T DONE WITH HER... NOT BY A LONG SHOT...

THERE WE GO... NICE AND SPREAD... ISN'T THIS JUST DELIGHTFUL, DOLL? MMM... YOUR PUSSY SMELLS NICE... REAL NICE...

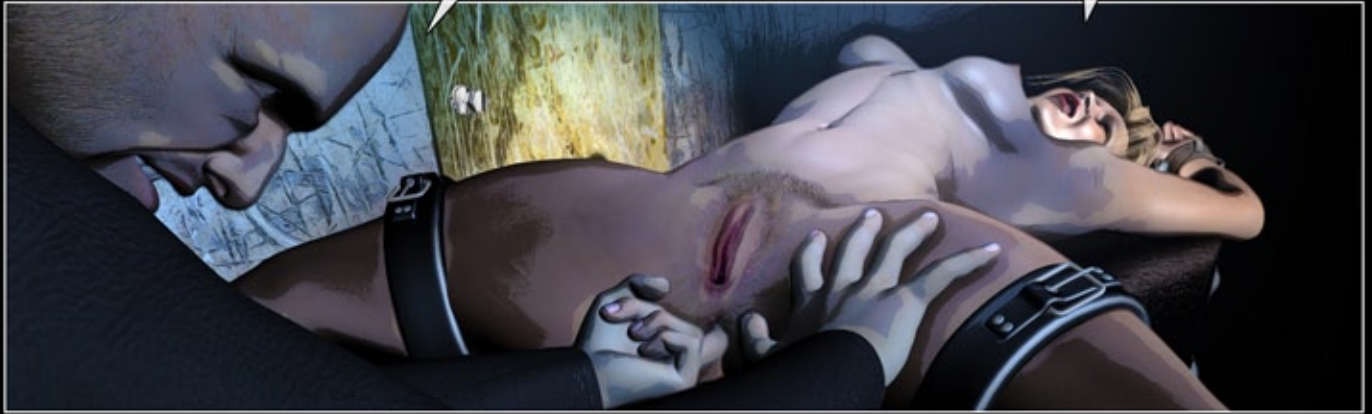
P-PLEASE... *SOB*... PLEASE JUST LET ME GO... I WON'T TELL ANYONE... PLEASE... JUST PLEASE LET ME GO...

OH I'LL LET YOU GO... AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU!

NOOOO!!! PLEASE!!! HAVE MERCY!! OH GOD PLEASE!!! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LET ME GO!!!

NOW... LET'S SEE JUST HOW
CLEAN YOUR ASSHOLE IS...

NOOO... *SOB*... NOT AGAIN! PLEASE SIR! I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU WANT... JUST PLEASE LEAVE MY ASSHOLE ALONE!



HEH HEH HEH... VERY WELL... IF YOU WANT ME TO
LEAVE YOUR ASSHOLE BE... THERE ARE *OTHER*
PARTS OF A WOMAN I CAN HURT INSTEAD...

AHHH!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!!
NOOO!!! PLEASE!! PLEASE LEAVE ME
ALONE, YOU MONSTER! PLEASE!!!



NOW THAT'S NOT VERY NICE... AND I HAD SO
MUCH FUN PLANNED FOR YOU AND I... LET'S
PLAY A LITTLE GAME, SHALL WE? CAN YOU
GUESS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH THESE?

SNIFFLE... YOU... YOU'RE GOING TO... OH GOD
PLEASE! PLEASE NO!! PLEASE NO MORE!
PLEASE LET ME GO! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S INCORRECT...
I GUESS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
TEACH YOU... THE HARD WAY!



MEANWHILE.... FOR JANET MULLIGAN, THINGS WERE GOING TO GET WORSE AS WELL.... FATHER ROCCASILIUS WAS NOT A MAN TO BE MADE A FOOL OF. HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE MISS MULLIGAN LEARNED THAT FACT....

HEY... REMEMBER ME? THE GUY YOU WERE SHAKING YOUR TITS AT? NO? BECAUSE I REMEMBER YOU...

HEH HEH HEH... IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE JUST A STUCK UP BITCH WHO HAD YET TO LEARN HER MANNERS... BUT FOR A CLINT WHO'S BEEN HERE FOR QUITE A WHILE, I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE KNOWN BETTER BY NOW...

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D THINK YOU *LIKE* BEING BRUTALIZED AND FUCKED BY ME... THE WAY YOU KEEP TALKING... LIKE A FIERY, REDHEADED WILDCAT... MMMM...

DO YOUR WORST! YOU DON'T SCARE ME!

OH HEY, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A NICE LONG WALK AND GO FUCK YOURSELF!

OH I DON'T? WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WORK HARD TO FIX THAT!

IS THAT YOUR COCK? OR IS IT JUST A WORM YOU TAPED TO YOUR CROTCH? YOU SICKO! YOU COULDN'T GET IT UP IF YOU TRIED!

HEH HEH HEH... I'D HALF THINK YOU LIKE GETTING FUCKED WITH A MOUTH LIKE THAT! I GUESS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO POUND YOU HARD, TO MAKE SURE YOU *DON'T* LIKE IT! NRGH NRGH NRGH!!!

YOU FUCKING PERVERT! LET GO OF ME! LET GO OF ME RIGHT NOW! I... AHH... HNNN!!! I'LL MAKE... AHHH... AHHH... I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!

JANET CURSED AND CUSSED AS THE GUARDSMAN FUCKED HER ASSHOLE RAW. SHE STRUGGLED WITH ALL HER MIGHT TO FREE HERSELF, CLAWING HELPLESSLY WITH HER FINGERS AS THE GUARD'S BIG, THICK DICK PENETRATED DEEPER AND DEEPER INSIDE JANET'S ASS WITH EACH BRUTAL THRUST! IN SPITE OF HERSELF, THOUGH, JANET FOUND HERSELF GROWING AROUSED... ESPECIALLY ONCE THE GUARD RAMMED HIS FINGERS BETWEEN HER LEGS AND BEGAN TO INSISTENTLY GRIND AGAINST HER THROBBING CLITORIS! BETWEEN EACH SCREAM AND SHOUT, JANET STARTED PANTING HARD LIKE THE SLUT SHE WAS, AND SOON HER STRUGGLES BECAME MORE RHYTHMIC BUT NO LESS DESPERATE. THE ONLY THING MORE HUMILIATING THAN BEING ASS FUCKED BY THIS GUARD WAS CUMMING FROM IT!

YOU'LL MAKE ME PAY FOR THIS? REALLY? AND HOW EXACTLY ARE YOU GOING TO DO THAT? YOU'RE LOCKED UP INSIDE THAT ITSY, BITSY LITTLE BOX, AND I.. I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH YOU...

AHHH... YOU... HOW DARE YOU! GET... AHH... AHH... GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FUCKING PERVERT!

STILL WITH THE ATTITUDE, JANET! WELL, LET'S SEE HOW YOU FEEL AFTER I STRETCH OUT YOUR CUNT WITH THIS BOTTLE?

AHHH... AHHH IT'S COLD... AHH... YOU JACKASS!! STOP!!! IT'S TOO BIG!!! AHH... AHHH... AHHHH!!!

THE GUARD SPENT QUITE A WHILE WITH POOR, HELPLESS LITTLE JANET... EVEN THOUGH SHE TRIED TO HIDE IT, THE FEROCITY OF HER INSULTS STARTED TO DIM AS SHE WAS POUNDED... HARD!

NRGH! NRGH
NRGH NRGH
NRGH NRGH!!!

ALRIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH NOW! YOU'RE ABOUT TO START YOUR SHIFT SOON, AREN'T YOU? WHY DON'T YOU FINISH UP AND LEAVE MISS MULLIGAN HERE FOR A WHILE... TO THINK ABOUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS TO TEASE YOU WITH HER TITS...

AHHH!!! AHHH...
AHHH... AHHH...
OH... OH GOD...
AHH... AHH...

EVEN THOUGH FATHER ROCCASILIUS HAD TOLD THE GUARD TO END THE BRUTAL ASS POUND, THE GUARD WASN'T DONE WITH JANET YET... WITH A BESTIAL FURY, HE STARTED THRUSTING FASTER AND FASTER. "I'M GOING TO FLOOD YOUR GUTS, YOU WORTHLESS SLUT!" HE SHOUTED. JANET SCREAMED AND PROTESTED, WAILING "NO!!! NOO NOOO NOO NOO NOOOO!!!" AS THE GUARD POUNDED HER PUSSY AT THE SAME TIME WITH THE ENORMOUS WINE BOTTLE. THE GUARD LET OUT A FURIOUS ROAR AS HE THRUST HIS COCK DEEP UP JANET'S ASSHOLE AND EMPTIED HIS BALLSACK IN HER ASS. BUT MORE HUMILIATING, JANET LET OUT A REDFACED WAIL OF PASSION AS SHE CAME AS WELL, HER PUSSY TWITCHING WILDLY AROUND THE WINE BOTTLE...

HEH HEH HEH... I KNOW YOU ENJOYED THAT, YOU DIRTY TRAMP! YOU STAY RIGHT THERE, LITTLE LADY... I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU... TO FINISH THE JOB!

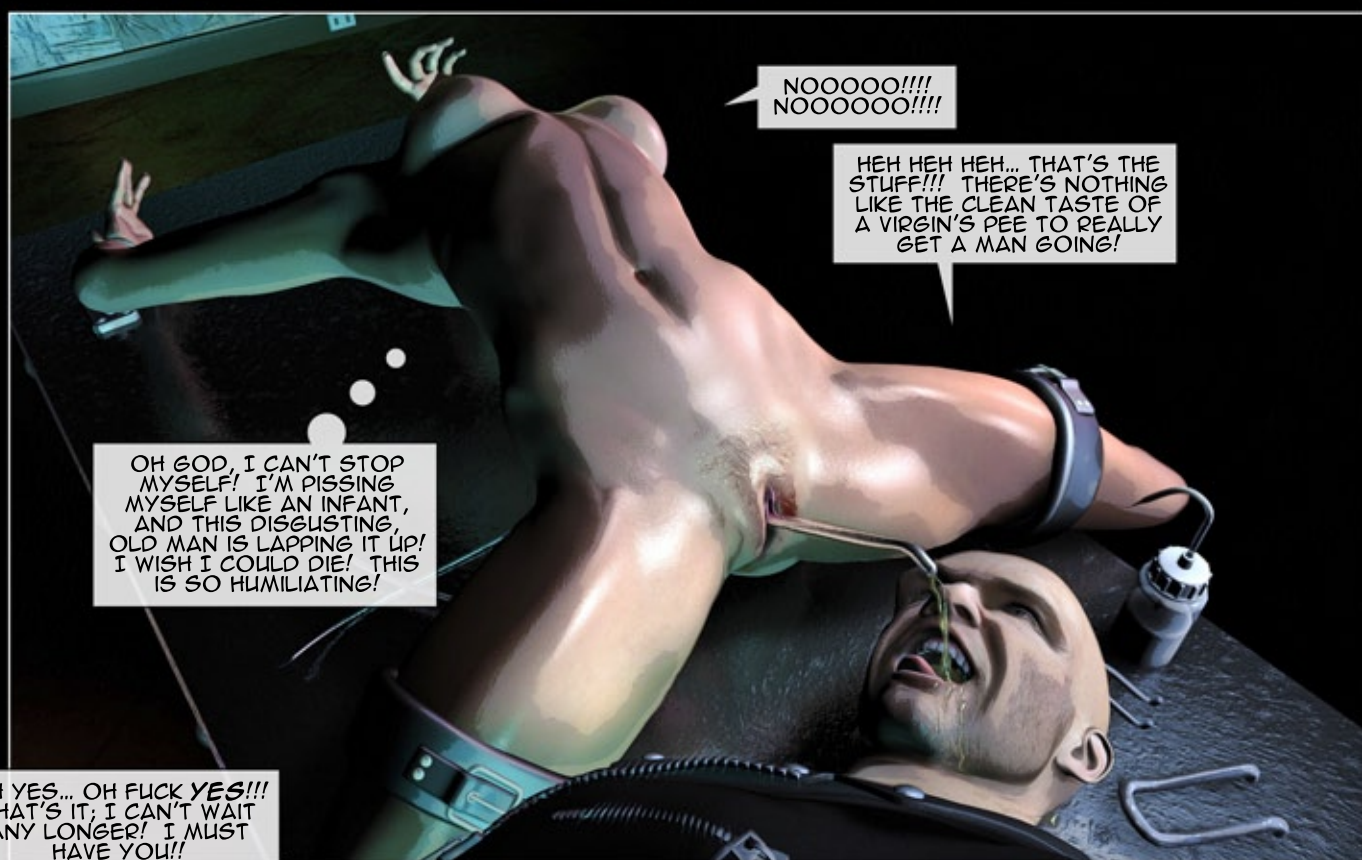
HUFF... HUFF... I'D... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY... AHHH... OH GOD... MY HOLES ARE SO SORE....

MEANWHILE, MR. GRODING WAS HAVING HIS OWN KIND OF FUN WITH A MUCH MORE MALLEABLE MISSY...



TELL ME HOW THAT FEELS... TELL ME HOW IT FEELS HAVING A CATHETER RAMMED UP YOUR PISSHOLE!

AAAAHHHH!!! AHHHH!!!! AHHH OH GOD!!! OH GOD PLEASE STOP!!!! PLEASE STOP!!!



NOOOOOO!!!! NOOOOOO!!!!

HEH HEH HEH... THAT'S THE STUFF!!! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE CLEAN TASTE OF A VIRGIN'S PEE TO REALLY GET A MAN GOING!

OH GOD, I CAN'T STOP MYSELF! I'M PISSING MYSELF LIKE AN INFANT, AND THIS DISGUSTING, OLD MAN IS LAPPING IT UP! I WISH I COULD DIE! THIS IS SO HUMILIATING!

OH YES... OH FUCK YES!!! THAT'S IT; I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! I MUST HAVE YOU!!

PLEASE... SOB... PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE!



I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE AS SOON AS I'M DONE WITH YOU! I'LL BE THE FIRST MAN TO FUCK THAT TIGHT TWAT OF YOURS! HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL, GETTING REAMED BY A FILTHY, OLD MAN LIKE ME?

NOOOO!!! PLEASE NOOO!!! HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH?! JUST PLEASE LET ME GO!! PLEASE!

ANGELA STRUGGLED IN VAIN IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO FREE HERSELF FROM THE TABLE. SHE COULD SMELL GRODING'S DICK FROM HERE, AND THE SMELL FILLED HER WITH SHAME AND DISGUST. THIS WASN'T HOW HER FIRST TIME SHOULD BE! NOT WITH HIM!!



OH I HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH, NOT YET, NOT BY A LONG SHOT! YOU PRETTY, CHEERLEADER TYPES ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN ME, BUT YOU'RE NOT SO HIGH AND MIGHTY NOW, ARE YOU? THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD; FUCKING THAT TIGHT CUNNY OF YOURS UNTIL I FLOOD YOUR GUTS WITH MY CUM!

NOOOO!!! PLEASE NOOOOOO!!
I WANT TO GO HOME!!
PLEASE LET ME GOOOO!!!

ANGELA FELT HIS ROCK HARD DICK PRESS AGAINST HER SENSITIVE LABIA AND PUSH SLOWLY, INSISTENTLY, MALEVOLENTLY INSIDE HER. ANGELA SQUIRMED AND STRUGGLED, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING HER TWITCHING TWAT COULD DO TO STOP THE MAN'S THICK, MEATY MAN SAUSAGE AS IT BURIED ITSELF DEEPER AND DEEPER INSIDE HER MOST SECRET, MOST SENSITIVE, AND MOST INTIMATE OF PLACES.

ANGELA COULD ONLY CRY IN PAIN AND HUMILIATION AS SHE FELT MR. GRODING'S FAT, THROBBING COCK DRIVE DEEP INTO HER INNOCENT, HELPLESS PUSSY! SHE FELT HIM THRUST DEEPER AND DEEPER INSIDE HER, AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! ANGELA STRUGGLED WITH ALL HER FEMININE MIGHT, BUT IT WAS USELESS. SHE WAS THIS MAN'S PLAYTHING AND TOTALLY HELPLESS!

MEANWHILE, MRS. MILLER, ANGELA'S MOTHER, HAD STOPPED BY HEAVEN'S MANOR TO CHECK UP ON HER DAUGHTER...

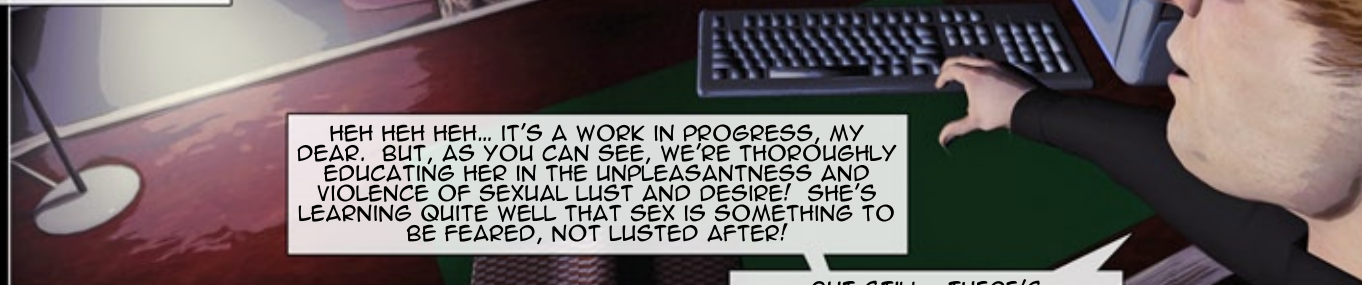
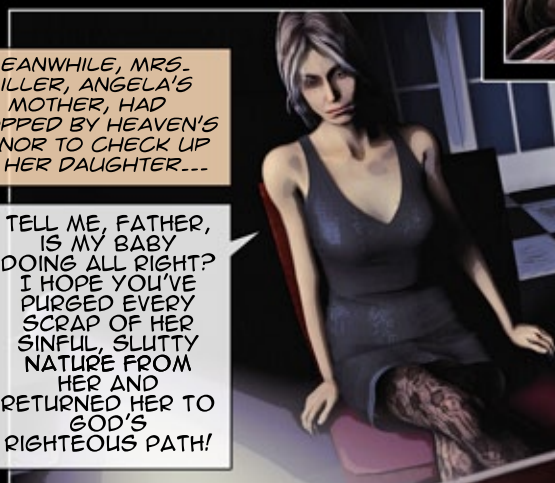
TELL ME, FATHER, IS MY BABY DOING ALL RIGHT? I HOPE YOU'VE PURGED EVERY SCRAP OF HER SINFUL, SLUTTY NATURE FROM HER AND RETURNED HER TO GOD'S RIGHTEOUS PATH!

HEH HEH HEH... IT'S A WORK IN PROGRESS, MY DEAR. BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE THOROUGHLY EDUCATING HER IN THE UNPLEASANTNESS AND VIOLENCE OF SEXUAL LUST AND DESIRE! SHE'S LEARNING QUITE WELL THAT SEX IS SOMETHING TO BE FEARED, NOT LUSTED AFTER!

BUT STILL... THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST ASK YOU...

AHHHH!!! STOP!!! PLEASE STOP!!! YOU'RE HURTING MEEEE!!! PLEASE, NO MORE!! NO MORE!!

I'LL DO WHAT I WANT TO YOU, YOU FUCKING COW! YOU'RE MINE TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE! THERE'S NO SAYING "NO" HERE! YOU'RE MINE! NRGH NRGH NRGH NRGH NRGH!!!



ASK ME? WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?

ANGELA COULDN'T HAVE LEARNED SUCH DISGUSTING AND PERVERTED BEHAVIOR, LIKE TOUCHING HERSELF, FROM HER RIGHTEOUS AND MORAL FATHER. AND FROM WHAT YOUR HUSBAND TELLS ME, YOU'VE ONLY LET HER HAVE THE TELEVISION ON HER 18TH BIRTHDAY. NO... THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON... PERHAPS IT IS *YOU* WHO IS TO BLAME FOR ANGELA'S MISDEEDS!

WHA... HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? SURELY YOU'RE JOKING!

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT, MRS. MILLER. I MUST BE SURE. SPREAD YOUR LEGS!

WH... WHAT? WHY?

SURELY A MORAL AND RIGHTEOUS WOMAN LIKE YOURSELF HAS NOTHING TO HIDE... SPREAD YOUR LEGS!

MRS. MILLER FELT HER FACE FLUSH RED WITH SHAME AT THE THOUGHT OF EXPOSING HERSELF TO ANOTHER MAN THAN HER HUSBAND, BUT SHE TRUSTED FATHER ROCCASILIUS. THAT WAS HER FIRST MISTAKE. LURED BY THE IMPLIED PROMISE, "SURELY A MORAL AND RIGHTEOUS WOMAN," SHE DID AS SHE WAS TOLD. IF ONLY MRS. MILLER KNEW THAT FATHER ROCCASILIUS WAS HARDLY A MAN OF THE CLOTH, AS SHE BELIEVED, SHE MIGHT NOT HAVE DONE AS SHE WAS TOLD. INSTEAD, HER GULLIBILITY DROVE HER OVER THE CLIFF.

I KNEW IT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN WEARING PANTIES, YOU FUCKING SLUT! LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER! I KNEW THIS CORRUPTION WENT DEEPER! HOW DARE YOU WALK INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, UNDRESSED AS YOU ARE!

I... I CAN EXPLAIN, FATHER... I JUST...

MRS. MILLER'S BRAIN WAS BEFUZZLED BY THE SUDDEN AND SHOCKING ACCUSATION THAT FATHER ROCCASILIUS THREW AT HER. HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS CORRUPT, THAT SHE WAS A FUCKING SLUT? IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE! IT SIMPLY WAS NOT POSSIBLE! IT HAD NEVER OCCURED TO MRS. MILLER THAT THE HARSH, SPOTLIGHT GLARE OF JUDGMENT COULD SHINE ON HER AS WELL, AND ITS LIGHT WAS BLINDING.

MRS. MILLER FOLLOWED FATHER ROCCASILIUS' ORDERS, DAZED AND WITH ENORMOUS, DEER IN THE HEADLIGHT EYES. SHE WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDENNESS AND THE VIOLENCE OF HIS ACCUSATIONS, WHICH GAVE HIM TIME TO POUNCE ON HIS LATEST VICTIM...

SAVE YOUR WORDS! YOU WOULD LIE, LIKE THE SERPENT, JUST TO GET YOUR OWN WAY! I'M AFRAID I MUST INSIST THAT YOU STAY HERE AS MY PERSONAL GUEST, MRS. MILLER. YOU MUST FOLLOW THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER...

NO! NO, YOU CAN'T... MY HUSBAND...

...YOUR HUSBAND WILL UNDERSTAND AND AGREE WITH ME! HE WOULDN'T WANT HIS OWN WIFE PARADING HER NAKED VIRTUES IN FRONT OF A HOLY MAN! YOU ATTEMPTED TO SEDUCE ME! I'M SURE HE'S BEEN SUSPECTING YOU FOR QUITE SOME TIME BY NOW...

NO... AHH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'RE GETTING WET, AREN'T YOU? I CAN SEE THE CORRUPTION HAS ALREADY SPREAD DEEP INSIDE YOU...

N-NO... IT'S... AHH... THAT'S NOT TRUE...

WHILE FATHER ROCCASIVS WAS INSPECTING THE MOTHER UP ABOVE, MR. GRODING WAS HAVING HIS OWN PERVERTED PLEASURE PARTY WITH THE DAUGHTER IN THE DUNGEON...



HEH HEH HEH... I BET YOU REALLY LOVED YOUR FIRST FUCK, DIDN'T YOU? JUST LOOK AT YOUR PUSS... IT'S SOPPING WET LIKE A LEAKY FAUCET! DON'T WORRY, I'M A GENTLEMAN... I'LL HELP CLEAN YOU UP... HEH HEH HEH...

OH GOD, HE'S TOUCHING ME DOWN THERE AGAIN! HE MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL! WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE ME ALONE? HE'S ALREADY FUCKED ME AND... RUINED MY VIRTUE! SOB!

P-PLEASE SIR... CAN I PLEASE GO NOW? HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH?

POOR ANGELA SOBBED IN HELPLESS DESPAIR AND STRUGGLED IN VAIN AS MR. GRODING PRESSED THE HANDKERCHIEF TO HER CROTCH. SHE FELT THE DISGUSTING, FAT MAN'S CUM LEAK OUT OF HER PUSSY. THE THOUGHT OF HAVING THIS MAN'S CUM INSIDE HER BODY MADE THE GIRL SICK TO HER STOMACH, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO. HER POOR PUSSY STILL TWITCHED AND SPASMED FROM THE MEMORY OF HAVING MR. GRODING'S BIG, THICK DICK BURIED DEEP UP HER SNATCH, POUNDING FURIOUSLY AND RELENTLESSLY INTO HER MOST INTIMATE AND SECRET OF PLACES, HER SACRED WOMANHOOD. NOW IT WAS FLOODED WITH HIS DISGUSTING CUM. ANGELA FELT TEARS WELL UP IN THE CORNERS OF HER EYES, AND SHE TURNED HER HEAD TO LOOK AWAY, TOO ASHAMED TO ADMIT THAT SHE HERSELF HAD CUM AS WELL...



OH... OH MY GOD... THIS WHORE'S CUNTJUICE SMELLS AMAZING! ROCCASIVS... I HAVE TO HAVE THIS GIRL AGAIN! OH SHIT, SHE'S MAKING MY COCK HARD AGAIN AND RIGHT AFTER I FUCKED HER TOO!

HEH HEH HEH... SHE REALLY IS AN INCORRIGIBLE TEMPTRESS, ISN'T SHE FATHER GRODING?

WHAT... OH YES, YES FATHER, SHE IS A TERRIBLE TEMPTRESS... I MUST CONTINUE TO... "CLEANSE" HER... HEH HEH HEH...

HEH HEH HEH... I'LL HELP YOU PERFORM YOUR HOLY RITES, FATHER GRODING... LET ME JUST PREPARE OUR LITTLE GUEST... IN THE MEANTIME, WHY DON'T YOU ENJOY YOURSELF AT YOUR PERSONAL SUITE?

OH NO! WHAT ARE THESE MONSTERS GOING TO DO TO ME NOW?

AS FOR YOU! COME HERE, YOU FUCKING SLUT! I SAW WHAT YOU WERE DOING... HUMMING FATHER GRODING LIKE A RABBIT IN HEAT! HAVE YOU NO SHAME? HAVE YOU NO SENSE OF DECENCY! GET UP OFF THAT TABLE AND COME WITH ME! CLEARLY YOU HAVE FALLEN LOW... YOU MAY BE BEYOND REDEMPTION, BEYOND GOD'S SALVATION!

ANGELA WANTED TO CURL UP IN A BALL AND DIE, BUT FATHER ROCCASIVS WOULD NOT GIVE HER SUCH A REPRIEVE. VIOLENTLY, THE "HOLY MAN" WRENCHED ANGELA FROM THE TABLE AND PULLED HER TO HER KNEES, VICIOUSLY TUGGING AT HER HAIR. ANGELA LET OUT A LITTLE SCREAM OF PAIN, RAISING HER TREMBLING HANDS IN A WEAK EFFORT TO DEFEND HERSELF. BUT FATHER ROCCASIVS WAS TOO STRONG, AND SHE WAS JUST A DAINTY FEMALE WHO HAD BEEN HELD IN STRICT BONDAGE FOR DAYS AND BRUTALLY USED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL SHE WAS EXHAUSTED AND SEXUALLY SPENT! ANGELA HAD NO CHANCE TO RESIST THE CRUEL MAN WHO NOW HELD HER AND WRAPPED A HEAVY CHAIN AROUND HER NECK, KEEPING HER PRISONER IN THIS HELL...



BUT... BUT... PLEASE FATHER... PLEASE HAVE MERCY!

THERE'LL BE NO MERCY FOR YOU, HARLOT OF SATAN! NOW MARCH!

AFTER FATHER ROCCASIVUS HAD TAKEN ANGELA TO HER CELL FOR THE NIGHT, HE RETURNED TO FIND MRS. MILLER PREPARED AS HE'D REQUESTED...

GOOD... GOOD... NOW WE'LL BEGIN WITH THE CLEANSING RITUAL, MRS. MILLER. I HOPE YOU DO COOPERATE, LEST YOU REVEAL YOUR COLLUSION WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF! A GOOD WOMAN OF THE LORD HAS NOTHING TO FEAR... A SINFUL HARLOT OF SATAN WOULD RESIST, WITH ALL HER MIGHT! YOU ARE NOT A SINFUL HARLOT, NOW, ARE YOU?



HMM!!! MPMH
HHMM MMMFFF!!!

I DO HOPE THAT'S
A YES... HEH HEH
HEH... LET'S BEGIN...



OH YEAH... THIS IS THE
STUFF... "LIVE HARDCORE
BONDAGE ACTION!" I WISH
MY OWN PRUDE OF A WIFE
WOULD DO SOME OF THIS!

AT THE SAME TIME, THE BLUE BALLED
AND COCKTEASED MR. MILLER WAS
SURFING THE INTERNET, ENJOYING HIS
ALONE TIME WHILE HIS BITCHY WIFE WAS
OUT TAKING CARE OF THEIR DISGUSTING
DAUGHTER. A MAN WHO WAS
CONSTANTLY COCKBLOCKED BY HIS
WIFE'S OWN SELF-RIGHTEOUS
ARROGANCE, HE NEEDED SOMETHING TO
HELP... "RELIEVE STRESS..."

MR. MILLER WATCHED WITH LUST AS THE
NAKED, HOODED WOMAN WAS THROWN
TO THE FLOOR AND TREATED LIKE A
PIECE OF MEAT. HIS COCK GREW THICK
AND THROBBED WITH DESIRE AS HE
WATCHED THE WOMAN STRUGGLE
AGAINST HER BONDAGE AND SCREAM
INTO HER GAG. "MAYBE I SHOULD
TREAT MY WIFE THE SAME WAY..." HE
THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AS HE WATCHED
THE WOMAN SPREAD HER LEGS...

SPREAD YOUR LEGS, YOU SLUT
OF SATAN! NOW... IT'S TIME FOR
ME TO CLEANSER YOUR CROTCH
WITH SOME HOLY WATER... TO
MAKE SURE YOU ARE READY TO
RECEIVE THE LORD!

NHHH!!! NHHH HHMM
NNNFFF HHMM!!!!

HAH HAH HAH! WHAT A SLUT!
YOU'RE ALREADY JUICING UP
FROM MY GENTLE
MINISTRATIONS! I BET YOU'D
GRIND YOUR CROTCH AGAINST
MY HAND LIKE THE HARD
HUMPING HARLOT YOU ARE!

NHHH!!! NHHH HHFF
HHMM HHFF!!!



MEANWHILE, THE BLIND AND HELPLESS MRS. MILLER
STRUGGLED MIGHTILY, NOT ONLY AGAINST HER OWN
BONDAGE BUT AGAINST THE RISING LUST IN HER LOINS!
"THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!" SHE THOUGHT
AS HER OWN BODY BETRAYED HER, AND HER OWN PUSSY
GREW DAMP FROM FATHER ROCCASIVUS' TOUCH...

YOU CLEARLY HAVE SOMETHING TO
HIDE INSIDE YOUR TAIN! LET'S
MAKE SURE WE FLUSH IT OUT WITH
THE LORD'S DIVINE WRATH!

NHHH!! NNHH
PPHHHFFF
NHHH!!!!

MRS. MILLER'S FACE FLUSHED
RED WITH SHAME AND RAGE AS
FATHER ROCCASIVUS RAMMED HIS
FIST DOWN HER ASS. SHE
SCREAMED INTO HER GAG AND
STRUGGLED LIKE A WILD BANSHEE,
BUT HER EFFORTS WERE
COMPLETELY IN VAIN. MRS.
MILLER TOOK COMFORT IN THE
FACT THAT, AT THE VERY LEAST, IT
WAS ONLY FATHER ROCCASIVUS
WHO WAS SEEING HER IN SUCH A
COMPROMISING POSITION---

"GOD FORBID MY OWN HUSBAND
SHOULD SEE ME LIKE THIS!" MRS.
MILLER THOUGHT THROUGH HER
TEARS OF HUMILIATION. "HE
WOULD GO APESHIT! HE WOULD
PROBABLY BUST A NUT JUST
SEEING ME LIKE THIS! THANK GOD
AT LEAST HE CAN'T SEE ME!" SHE
THOUGHT TO HERSELF,
COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY
UNAWARE THAT HER SHAMEFUL
ACTS WERE BEING BROADCAST TO
THE ENTIRE WORLD AND THAT HER
OWN HUSBAND HAD TUNED TOO---

NOW IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL KEEP THOSE
ELECTRODES DEEP IN YOUR WHORING HOLES... OTHERWISE I WILL
HAVE TO DISPENSE EVEN MORE OF THE LORD'S JUDGMENT UPON
YOUR FILTHY, DISGUSTING BODY! LET'S BEGIN, SHALL WE?

PPHHHFFF FFHHHFFMM
HHHHMM!!! PPHHFF
HHMM MMMFFFHHMM!!!

THE ELECTRICITY
COURSED THROUGH
MRS. MILLER'S
SENSITIVE AND
HELPLESS PUSSY,
AND MRS. MILLER
FLOPPED ON THE
FLOOR LIKE A BONED
FISH. SHE TRIED TO
EJECT THE HATED
ELECTRODE, BUT HER
OWN PUSSY CLAMPED
DOWN HARD ON THE
METAL PROBE AS
ELECTRICITY PULSED
THROUGH HER
CROTCH! MRS.
MILLER LET OUT A
SCREAM OF PURE,
ANIMALISTIC FURY AND
PAIN THAT WAS ONLY
BARELY MUFFLED BY
THE GAG SHOVED INTO
HER MOUTH! WORST
OF ALL, SHE THRUST
HER CROTCH LIKE A
TOTAL SLUT!

HHHHHHRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

HAH HAH HAH! AND THAT WAS AT
THE LOWEST SETTING, MY DEAR!
ARE YOU AND YOUR HOLES READY
FOR THE SECOND SETTING?

AHHHH YEEAAAHH!!! FUCK
YEAHHHH!!! TAKE IT, BITCH!! TAKE
THOSE SHOCKS UP YOUR ASS!!
IT'S THE LEAST YOU DESERVE, YOU
COCK TEASING TRAMP!!

FULLLUCK, GOTTA MAKE SURE I
DON'T SPILL MY CUM OR ELSE
MY WIFE WILL BE PISSSED! WHERE
THE FUCK IS SHE, ANYWAY?

HEH HEH HEH, A GOOD START IN YOUR "TREATMENT,"
MRS. MILLER, BUT I'M AFRAID WE STILL HAVE A LONG
WAY TO GO... YOUR PUSSY IS DRIPPING WET! CLEARLY
YOU AND YOUR CROTCH HAVE BEEN CORRUPTED! I'LL
SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO FIX THAT...

NNHHH!! NNHH
PPHHHHFF NNHH!!!

FATHER ROCCASIVS WAS A BUSY MAN. ONCE HE WAS DONE WITH MRS. MILLER,
HE WENT TO VISIT HER DAUGHTER, ANGELA, IN THE BASEMENT DUNGEONS.

HAVE YOU BEEN PERFORMING YOUR
PRAYERFUL MINISTRATIONS, MY DEAR?

Y-YES SIR...
I HAVE...

GOOD, LET ME HEAR
YOU REPEAT IT...

I'D BETTER DO AS HE
SAYS, OR I'M IN REAL
HOT WATER! GULP!

...YES SIR, AS
YOU WISH, SIR...

MEN ARE MY MASTER... I MUST ALWAYS
OBEY MY MASTER... HIS WILL IS MINE TO
DO, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN...

GOOD,
GOOD...

DO YOU SEE THESE
GIRLS, ANGELA?
THESE WERE GIRLS
THAT DID NOT
REMEMBER THEIR
PRAYERS... THESE WERE
GIRLS THAT LET THEIR
CROTCH DRENCH AND
WETTEN WHENEVER
THEY THOUGHT OF
COCKS AND A HARD,
FAST DICKING! WE HAD
TO DO QUITE A BIT TO
MAKE SURE THEY
STAYED ON THE PATH
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS...

...LET THEIR FAILURE BE
A REMINDER THAT THE
SAME FATE COULD BE
IN STORE FOR YOU!
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU
LIE DOWN AND REST
FOR THE NIGHT...

OH THANK GOD, HE'S
FINALLY GOING TO
LEAVE ME ALONE!

WAIT, WHAT IS THAT?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?! STOP! AHHH!

HEH HEH HEH... THIS WILL
HELP YOU... "RELAX" MY
DEAR... DON'T FIGHT IT!
IT'S POINTLESS TO RESIST!

FATHER ROCCASIVS WAS A
MAN IN FULL CONTROL OF
HIS DOMAIN. HE DIDN'T
NEED TO USE ANY OF THE
TRICKS OF THE THUGS OR
RAPISTS, CHLOROFORM OR
KNIVES. HE COULD BIDE
HIS TIME AND WAIT FOR THE
SEDATIVE TO TAKE HOLD...
AND FOR POOR, INNOCENT
ANGELA TO BE TOTALLY AND
COMPLETELY HELPLESS...

FATHER ROCCASIVS SAT
DOWN WHILE ANGELA
STRUGGLED TO STAY AWAKE.
HER PRETTY EYES
FLUTTERED, BUT HER HEAD
STARTED TO LOLL AS SHE
STRUGGLED TO STAY
CONSCIOUS. FATHER
ROCCASIVS HAD SEEN THIS
SONG AND DANCE BEFORE;
HE KNEW THAT NO DELICATE
FEMALE COULD RESIST THE
DRUG'S DREAMLAND ALLURE.
ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS WAIT,
THEN SHE WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO RESIST...

N-NO... PLEASE... HAVE TO...
HAVE TO STAY AWAKE...

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S UNDER...
LET'S JUST SEE IF YOU'RE
PLAYING POSSUM! NRGH!

NO REACTION... GOOD...
THAT MEANS SHE'S
TOTALLY MINE!

ROCCASIVS FELT HIS COCK HARDEN IN HIS PANTS
AS HE THOUGHT OF TAKING ANGELA'S HOLES FOR
THE FIRST TIME... THE GIRL'S PUSSY HAD
ALREADY BEEN USED... BUT THERE WERE OTHER
PARTS OF HER AVAILABLE FOR FUCKING...

HEH HEH HEH... YOU WERE GOOD ENOUGH THAT
YOU GOT MR. GRODING TO PAY FOR A SECOND
ROUND ON YOUR CROTCH... I DON'T THINK HE'LL
MIND IF I SAMPLE SOME OF MY OWN WARES...
WHO'S GOING TO KNOW, ANYWAY?

LET'S BEGIN, SHALL WE? IF YOU'RE NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS, JUST LET ME KNOW... DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK... HEH HEH HEH... DAMN, YOU'VE GOT SUCH A SWEET LOOKING PUSS... I'M HARD ALREADY...

I BET IT'LL LOOK EVEN SWEETER WHEN IT'S NAKED AND FREE OF ALL HAIR...

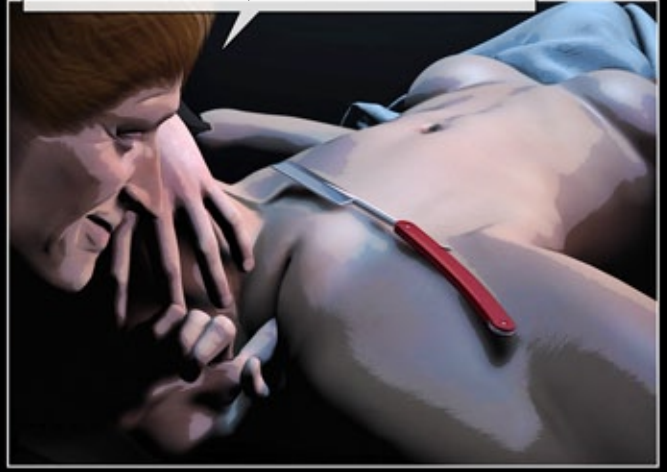
WOW, YOUR PUSS SMELLS AMAZING! MMM... YOU'RE JUST MAKING MY DICK THROB, AREN'T YOU, BABY? DAMN, I JUST WANT TO TAKE YOU RIGHT NOW AND FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!

ROCCASIOUS' COCK THROBBED PAINFULLY IN HIS PANTS, PRESSING AGAINST HIS ZIPPER SEAM AS HE SLOWLY AND METHODICALLY BARED ANGELA'S NAKED FORM... HIS EYES DRUNK IN HER BEAUTIFUL, TIGHT, YOUTHFUL BODY. ROCCASIOUS IMAGINED THE SHOCK AND HORROR SHE WOULD FEEL WHEN SHE WOKE UP AND DISCOVERED THAT HER CROTCH HAD BEEN SHAVED. ROCCASIOUS IMAGINED THE SHAME AND HUMILIATION SHE WOULD FEEL FROM HER PUSSY, GROWN EXTRA SENSITIVE AFTER BEING ROBBED OF ALL ITS HAIR. SHE WOULD FEEL NAKED AND VULNERABLE... THIS HE ALREADY KNEW... SO MANY OTHER GIRLS HAD WHISPERED SUCH HORRIFIED WORDS TO THEMSELVES... THIS ONE WOULD BE NO DIFFERENT...

I BET IF YOU WERE AWAKE, YOU'D TRY AND WRIGGLE FREE, BEGGING AND PLEADING FOR ME TO LET YOU GO. IT'S A SHAME I WON'T GET TO HEAR YOU CRY AS I SHAVE YOUR PUSSY, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN CUTTING UP SUCH SWEET MEAT AND MAKING YOU BLEED ALL OVER. I DON'T THINK MR. GRODING WOULD APPRECIATE THAT...

THERE WE GO, NICE AND CLEAN AND FRESH AS A SPRING FLOWER... NOW LET'S SEE JUST HOW MUCH OF A SLUT YOU ARE! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU DO IF I TOUCH YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP...

FOR A TIME, THE ONLY SOUND IN THE LONELY DUNGEON WAS THE SOUND OF A RAZOR BLADE SCRAPING THE FINE, DELICATE HAIRS FROM ANGELA'S SOFT, LOVELY, VENUS MONS. FATHER ROCCASILIUS' GRIN WIDENED UNTIL IT BECAME A GHASTLY CARICATURE OF A SMILE AS HE LAID ALL OF ANGELA'S INNOCENT, SEXUAL SECRETS BARE... HIS COCK WAS THROBBING DESPERATELY, STRAINING WITH ALL ITS MIGHT FOR THIS SWEET PEACH...



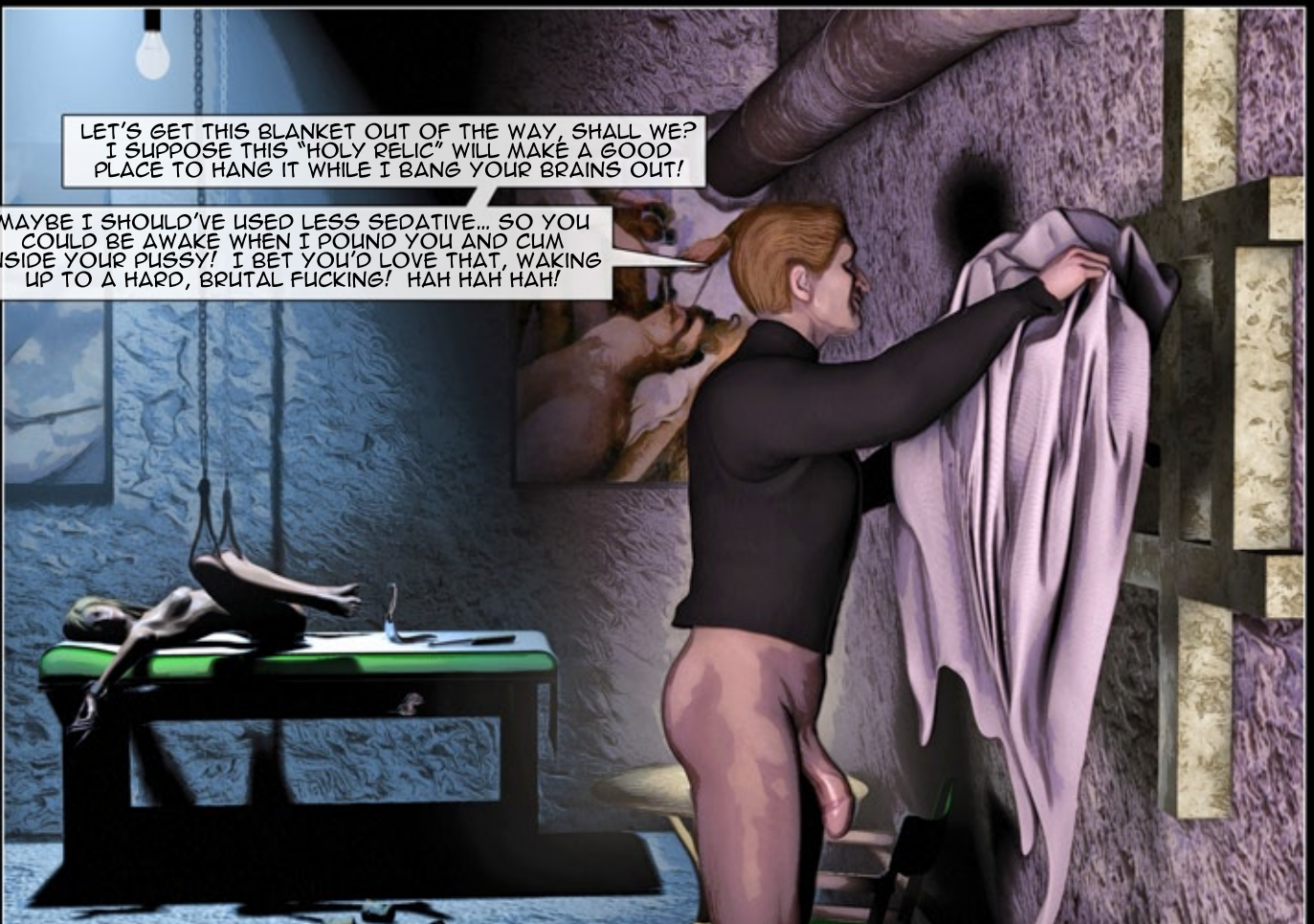
HOLY SHIT, YOU'RE ALREADY JUICING UP! MMM... THIS IS NICE... I THINK YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD LITTLE SLUT, A PERFECT LITTLE SLAVE DOLL. ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE TRAINING TO REALLY GET YOUR JUICES FLOWING... BUT THAT WILL COME LATER, AFTER YOU'RE ALL USED UP AND YOUR HOLE STOPS BEING TIGHT...

SPEAKING OF WHICH...



LET'S GET THIS BLANKET OUT OF THE WAY, SHALL WE? I SUPPOSE THIS "HOLY RELIC" WILL MAKE A GOOD PLACE TO HANG IT WHILE I BANG YOUR BRAINS OUT!

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE USED LESS SEDATIVE... SO YOU COULD BE AWAKE WHEN I POUND YOU AND CUM INSIDE YOUR PUSSY! I BET YOU'D LOVE THAT, WAKING UP TO A HARD, BRUTAL FUCKING! HAH HAH HAH!



NOW LET'S SEE JUST HOW SENSITIVE YOUR PUSSY IS... DO YOU FEEL THAT? DO YOU FEEL THAT VIBE ON YOUR CLIT, YOU LITTLE SLUT? SHOW ME HOW MUCH YOU LIKE IT... SHOW ME HOW MUCH YOU WANT IT!

N-NO... NNN...

ANGELA'S BREATH QUICKENED, AND HER FACE AND LABIA BECAME FLUSHED WITH PLEASURE AS THE VIBRATOR WORKED ITS MAGIC ON HER SENSITIVE LITTLE LOVE BUTTON. IF ONLY ANGELA WAS AWAKE, SHE WOULD MARVEL AT HOW MUCH MORE SENSITIVE HER PUSSY HAD BECOME! FATHER ROCCASIUS GRINNED WIDELY AS HE WATCHED ANGELA'S CLIT SLIDE OUT OF ITS PROTECTIVE HOOD. SHE OPENED HER MOUTH SLIGHTLY AND BEGAN MOANING LIKE THE WHORE SHE WAS. HER HIPS GYRATED WHILE SHE LAID THERE, HALF AWAKE AND DREAMING OF PERVERTED SEX! HER PUSSY GREW WETTER AND WETTER, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG... ANGELA ARCHED HER BACK AND LET OUT A LOW MOAN AS SHE CAME UNCONTROLLABLY!

HEH HEH HEH... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A SQUIRTER HERE! NICE! VERY NICE! AND YOUR SQUIRT SMELLS AMAZING TOO! YOU'RE A REAL KEEPER, YOU ARE! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH YOU...

WH-WHAT...
WHU...

OH, YOU'RE WAKING UP? LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE A REAL FIGHTER, AREN'T YOU?

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU GO BACK TO SLEEP... DON'T MIND THE LITTLE BUG BITE IN YOUR ARM... JUST WORRY ABOUT CHOKING ON MY BIG, THICK DICK!

GLK GLK GLK
GLK GLK GLK
GLK GLK!!!!

ANGELA'S INNOCENT MIND EXPERIENCED AN EXTREME MOMENT OF HORROR AS SHE WOKE UP FROM HER DAZED SLUMBER, ROUSED BY THE PRIMAL INTENSITY OF HER FORCED ORGASM! FATHER ROCCASIUS HOVERD OVER HER LIKE A DEMON, AND ALL SHE COULD FEEL WAS THE ACHING TOUCH OF SOMETHING IN HER PUSSY AND THE TASTE OF HIS COCK AS HE RAMMED IT HOME!

THAT'S IT, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! MR. GRODING MAY HAVE PAID FOR YOUR PUSSY, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR TIGHT, VIRGIN ASSHOLE! THAT'S IT; I'M GOING TO BLOW MY LOAD DEEP IN YOUR GUTS!

NRGH! HOLY SHIT, I CAN BARELY GET MY COCK UP YOUR CORNHOLE! THAT MEANS YOU'RE GONNA BE AN AMAZING LAY! I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORCE IT IN! HEH HEH HEH!



OH YEAH... OH FUCK YEAH... OH FUCK... OH FUCK... OH "FUUUUUUCKKKK!!!!"

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE DUNGEON, IT SEEMS THAT THE NAUGHTY JANET MULLIGAN HAS FREED HERSELF AND IS BUSY "INSPECTING" THE PRISONERS...

WHO... WHO ARE YOU? PLEASE, HELP ME! GET ME OUT OF HERE! WE HAVE TO CALL THE COPS!

SHHHH... I WANT TO SEE HOW GOOD YOUR LIPS TASTE FIRST...

WH-WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? PLEASE, HELP ME!



YOU SHOULD JUST LAY BACK AND ENJOY IT... I KNOW YOU... YOU'RE LIKING THIS, AREN'T YOU? I BET, DEEP DOWN, YOU'RE SECRETLY A LESBIAN, AND YOU ENJOY BEING TOUCHED BY ANOTHER WOMAN?

N-NO... STOP... THIS IS... THIS IS WRONG... NO... PLEASE...



DON'T WORRY, HONEY... I'LL HELP YOU GET YOUR MIND OFF THAT MEAN, PEEPING GUARDSMAN... HERE, LET ME HELP YOU...



JANET! HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET OUT OF YOUR CAGE! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU REGRET THIS!

AHHHH!!! PLEASE HELP ME!! THIS WOMAN'S INSANE! PLEASE, MAKE HER STOP!

HAH HAH HAH! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU, GIRLIE! AND YOU! PIPE DOWN, YOU LOSER! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR HEAD AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR OWN ASS?!



N-NO... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME THERE... STOP...



AHHH... AHHH... OH... OH GOD... PLEASE... NO...

YOU LIKE IT! I KNEW IT! WHAT A SLUT!

JANET! HOW DARE YOU! DON'T TOUCH THE MERCHANDISE! AND MISS SHEILA... WHAT A SHAMEFUL DISPLAY OF FEMALE LUST! THE LORD WOULD HANG HIS HEAD IN SHAME IF HE SAW YOU AS YOU ARE! GET YOUR CLOTHES ON... I MUST DO SOMETHING DRASTIC TO CLEANSE YOU GIRLS!

FATHER ROCCASIVS DEPOSITED THE UNCONSCIOUS ANGELA ON THE FLOOR, RECLOTHED THE HUMILIATED SHEILA MITCHELL, AND ROUGHLY FORCED JANET TO OBEY HIS COMMAND. AFTER HE HAD DEPARTED, HE LEFT THE GIRLS ALONE IN THE COLD, DARK CELL. LIKE THE HORNY BITCH SHE WAS, JANET DESCENDED ON THE HELPLESS ANGELA, A MUCH MORE AGREEABLE AND MUCH MORE NAKED PREY. SHE ROUGHLY PULLED DOWN ANGELA'S PANTIES AND RAN HER FINGERS THROUGH ANGELA'S ASS BEFORE RECOILING IN HORROR AT WHAT SHE SAW...



OH NO! OH NO NO NO NO NO!! THAT BASTARD!! HE'S USED HER ASS!! AND... AND... OH NO... SHE'S BEEN SHAVED TOO!! THIS ISN'T GOOD! NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!! THIS ISN'T GOOD AT ALL!

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

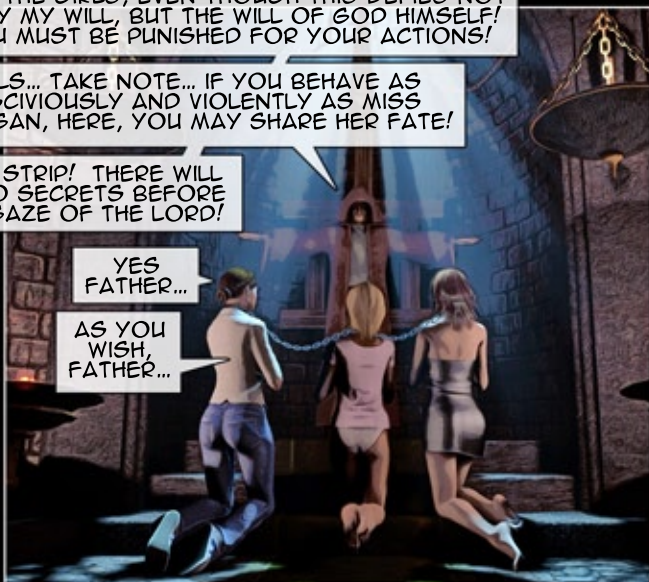
JANET MULLIGAN! TWICE HAVE YOU BROKEN INTO OUR CELLS AND FONDLED AND PLAYED WITH THE GIRLS, EVEN THOUGH THIS DEFIES NOT ONLY MY WILL, BUT THE WILL OF GOD HIMSELF! YOU MUST BE PUNISHED FOR YOUR ACTIONS!

GIRLS... TAKE NOTE... IF YOU BEHAVE AS LASCIVIOUSLY AND VIOLENTLY AS MISS MULLIGAN, HERE, YOU MAY SHARE HER FATE!

NOW STRIP! THERE WILL BE NO SECRETS BEFORE THE GAZE OF THE LORD!

YES FATHER...

AS YOU WISH, FATHER...



YOU LOVE THESE NICE, FAT, JUICY TITS... DON'T YOU, MISS MULLIGAN? IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO LOSE THEM...

AHHH... G-GO FUCK YOURSELF... YOU PERV!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO HER?

OH NO! I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!

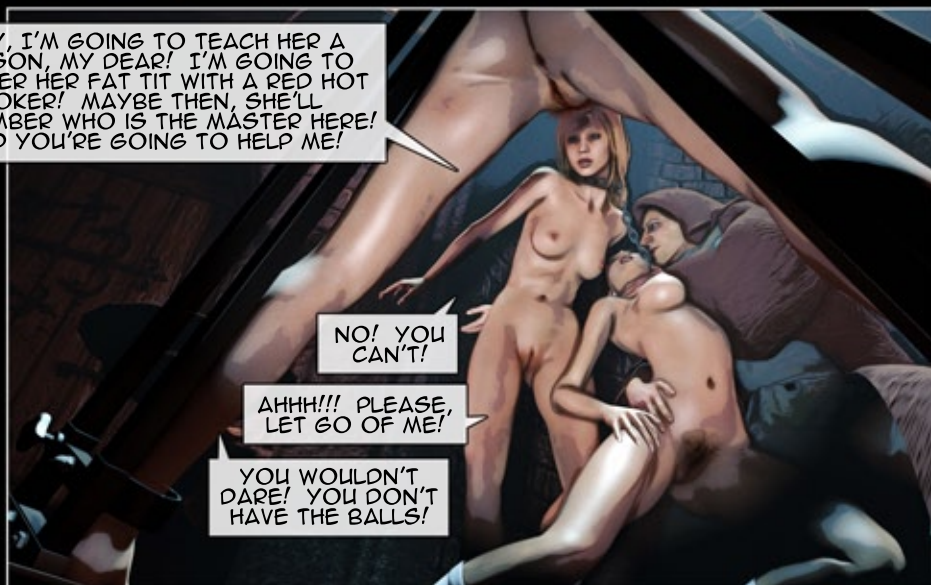


WHY, I'M GOING TO TEACH HER A LESSON, MY DEAR! I'M GOING TO SKEWER HER FAT TIT WITH A RED HOT POKER! MAYBE THEN, SHE'LL REMEMBER WHO IS THE MASTER HERE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME!

NO! YOU CAN'T!

AHHH!!! PLEASE, LET GO OF ME!

YOU WOULDN'T DARE! YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS!



SNEERING, FATHER ROCCASIUS WALKED TO A BRAZIER AND PULLED OUT A RED HOT POKER. EVEN FROM A DISTANCE, THE NAKED GIRLS COULD FEEL THE IMMENSE, INTOLERABLE HEAT COMING OFF THE BURNING COALS. IT WAS CAREFULLY PLACED TO REMIND THEM OF THE THREAT OF HELL... SOMETHING YOUNG, GUILLIBLE GIRLS WOULD THINK OF ALMOST INSTANTLY. BRANDISHING THE RED HOT POKER IN FRONT OF HIM, FATHER ROCCASIUS GRINNED A DEVILLISH GRIN BEFORE HE HANDED IT TO SHEILA MITCHELL...

SHEILA STARED BACK, DUMBFOUNDED. WHAT WAS SHE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS? WITH PRACTICED EASE, FATHER ROCCASIUS TOOK SHEILA'S HAND AND GUIDED IT... AND THE RED HOT POKER... RIGHT ABOVE JANET MULLIGAN'S VULNERABLE, HELPLESS BREAST. REALIZATION... THEN HORROR... DAWNED ON SHEILA MITCHELL...

PUNISH HER TITS, MISS MITCHELL! DO IT! IT IS THE WILL OF GOD! DRIVE THE POKER DEEP INTO HER TITMEAT!

NO!! PLEASE DON'T MAKE HER DO THIS! PLEASE! THIS IS INSANE!

YOU BASTARD! LET ME GO! LET ME GO RIGHT NOW, OR I'LL MAKE YOU REGRET IT!

OH GOD... OH GOD I'M GOING TO PUKE... I... I CAN'T... I CAN'T!

YOU CAN'T? YOU DARE TO RESIST ME! SUCH INSOLENCE! THIS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!



FATHER ROCCASIVS WAS TRUE TO HIS WORD, AND SHEILA MITCHELL SOON FOUND HERSELF ON THE WRONG SIDE OF DOCTOR KLINE'S EXAMINATIONS....



AFTER THE ROUGH BITE OF THE STRAITJACKET'S CROTCH STRAP, DOCTOR KLINE'S GENTLE TOUCH WAS DISTRESSINGLY SOOTHING... RELAXING... AND IT FELT GOOD... SHEILA'S EYES LOST FOCUS, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF GASPING WITH PLEASURE AS DOCTOR KLINE RUBBED HER SENSITIZED LITTLE LOVE BUTTON WITH THE PRACTISED EASE OF A PROFESSIONAL SADIST! SOON, SHE FOUND UNWANTED PLEASURE FLUTTERING FROM HER CROTCH AS DOCTOR KLINE WORKED AND WORKED AT HER EXCITED LITTLE CLIT. SHEILA STRUGGLED AND SHOOK, TRIED TO RESIST THE DESPERATE DESIRE SURGING INSIDE HER, BUT SHE WAS UP AGAINST A PERVERVED DOCTOR... SHE HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST SUCH SKILL...

YOU'LL DO WHATEVER I WANT, EHP? THAT'S A BOLD STATEMENT! LET'S SEE JUST HOW PREPARED YOU ARE TO FOLLOW THROUGH...

OH GOD, I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS... THESE GUYS... THEY'RE COMPLETE MONSTERS!

SHEILA'S EYES WIDENED IN HORROR AS SHE LOOKED AT THE ENORMOUS RUBBER DILDOS THAT DOCTOR KLINE HELD BEFORE HIM. DOCTOR KLINE BRANDISHED THE RUBBER COCKS LIKE A KNIFE WIELDING MADMAN, AND SUDDENLY, SHEILA FELT VERY NAKED AND VULNERABLE, HER LEGS SPREAD AND HELD OPEN BY THE ARMRESTS OF HER CHAIR. DESPERATELY, SHEILA GAVE DOCTOR KLINE THE BIGGEST, PUPPY DOG EYES SHE COULD, HOPING THE DOCTOR WOULD FEEL SOME SYMPATHY BEFORE JAMMING THOSE MASSIVE COCKS IN HER HOLES. UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, DOCTOR KLINE HAD SEEN SUCH EYES BEFORE, AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, THOSE EYES DID NOT INSPIRE PITY; RATHER, THOSE EYES FLAMED THE MOST INTENSE AND PERVERSE LUST IMAGINABLE! DOCTOR KLINE BENT DOWN AND SLOWLY WORKED THE PRONGS INSIDE THE HELPLESS FEMALE...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE PORKED BY THESE NICE, THICK DILDOS? TELL ME THE TRUTH, GIRL!

AHHH... AHHH... PLEASE... AHHH... THEY'RE SO BIG! PLEASE, BE GENTLE! AHHH... AHHH!!

HEH HEH HEH... AND THAT'S NOT EVEN THE BEST PART... GUESS WHERE THIS PART GOES? ANY GUESSES? IT'S GOING STRAIGHT UP YOUR URETHRA!

MY... MY... NO! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! PLEASE!

SHEILA'S EYES WIDENED, AND SHE PLEADED AS PRETTILY AND DESPERATELY AS SHE COULD. DOCTOR KLINE WAS UNMOVED BY HER TEARS AND HE WORKED THE UNLUBRICATED URETHRAL PROBE DEEP INSIDE SHEILA'S PISSHOLE! SHEILA'S FACE GREW RED, AND SHE SCREAMED BLOODY MURDER, STRUGGLING WILDLY AGAINST THE STRAITJACKET AND THE CHAIR WHICH HELD HER PRISONER. IT FELT LIKE A BURNING PROBE HAD BEEN SHOVED INTO HER MOST SENSITIVE AND INTIMATE OF PLACES, LIT HER ENTIRE CROTCH WITH AN UNHOLY AND UNGODLY FIRE. SHEILA PLEADED AND SCREAMED LIKE A MADDENED ANIMAL AS DOCTOR KLINE METHODICALLY WORKED THE URETHRAL PROBE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO HER PISSHOLE UNTIL IT WAS NESTLED FIRMLY INSIDE HER BLADDER... SHEILA, MEANWHILE, COULD ONLY SCREAM IN PAIN AND SHAME---

AHHHHH!!! OH GOD!! PLEASE! PLEASE TAKE THEM OUT!!! PLEASE, IT HURTS SO MUCH!!! PLEAAAAASSEEE!!!

HEH HEH HEH... WHAT A NAIVE LITTLE CHILD! YOU THINK THIS HURTS! TRUST ME, IT'LL HURT WORSE ONCE I PRESS THIS BUTTON!



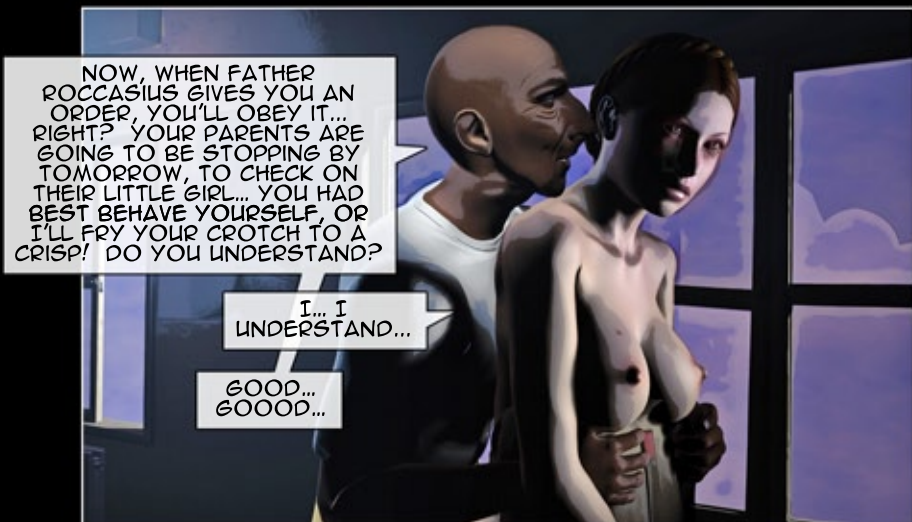
WHY DON'T WE TAKE IT FOR A LITTLE TEST RUN? I'M EXCITED ABOUT THIS... ARE YOU?

I... I... PLEASE... PLEASE HAVE MERCY...



AND THIS IS WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN YOU DISOBEY ME, FATHER ROCCASIUS, AND HEAVEN'S MANOR!

AAAAHHH!!! OH GOD!!! IT HURTS!!! STOP!!! IT HUUURRRRTTSSSS!!!!



NOW, WHEN FATHER ROCCASIUS GIVES YOU AN ORDER, YOU'LL OBEY IT... RIGHT? YOUR PARENTS ARE GOING TO BE STOPPING BY TOMORROW, TO CHECK ON THEIR LITTLE GIRL... YOU HAD BEST BEHAVE YOURSELF, OR I'LL FRY YOUR CROTCH TO A CRISP! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I... I UNDERSTAND...

GOOD... GOOOD...

PAIN, ANGER, AND HUMILIATION FILLED SHEILA'S EYES. SHE WANTED TO TURN AROUND AND THROTTLE THE THIN, SADISTIC, AND ARROGANT DOCTOR. BUT THE PROBES WERE STILL DEEPLY PLANTED INSIDE HER, THE INFLATABLE NECKS KEEPING THE SHOCKING DILDOS DEEP INSIDE HER ASSHOLE AND HER WOMANHOOD. IF SHE DISOBEYED AGAIN, SHE KNEW SHE'D RECEIVE A DEVASTATING SHOCK TO HER CROTCH... FEAR KEPT HER ANGER AT BAY... FEAR MADE HER DOCILE AND OBEIENT...

ARE YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK, DOCTOR KLINE?

YOU DOUBT ME, FATHER? OF COURSE IT WILL WORK! I'LL BET THE BITCH'S CROTCH IS STILL BURNING FROM THE LAST SHOCK I GAVE HER HOLES! IT WILL SERVE AS A REMINDER THAT, IF SHE DARES TO TATTLE ON US, SHE'LL WALK BOW-LEGGED FOR THE REST OF HER DAYS!

STILL, MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE HER A REMINDER... A LITTLE JOLT...

ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF HERE AT HEAVEN'S MANOR, SHEILA?

OF COURSE, FATHER.

AT THAT MOMENT, SHEILA FELT A SHARP PULSE DEEP INSIDE HER BETWEEN HER LEGS. SHEILA STIFFENED AND STRANGLING DOWN A CRY OF PAIN AND DESPAIR. HER PARENTS DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THEIR DAUGHTER'S DISTRESS, TOO INTENT WERE THEY ON JUDGING HER ACTIONS. WHATEVER COURAGE, WHATEVER HOPE OF ESCAPE SHE HAD DIED INSIDE SHEILA. SHE FEARED THE PAINFUL, DREADED SHOCK SHE HAD FELT IN DOCTOR KLINE'S OFFICE. SHE REMEMBERED THE BALD DOCTOR'S THREAT: "IF YOU DARE TO TELL ABOUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED HERE, I'LL TURN THE SHOCK ON TO ITS HIGHEST SETTING AND LEAVE IT ON! I'LL FRY YOUR CROTCH TO A CRISP, AND YOU'LL NEVER WALK STRAIGHT AGAIN! REMEMBER THAT WHILE YOU VISIT YOUR PARENTS IF YOU CARE ABOUT YOUR PUSSY OR YOUR ASS..."

ARE YOU OKAY, SHEILA? YOUR FACE JUST WENT RED.

Y-YES, FATHER, I AM. TH-THANK YOU FOR ASKING.

THE VISIT WENT BY WITHOUT A HITCH, JUST AS FATHER ROCCASIVUS WANTED.

THANK YOU BOTH SO MUCH FOR COMING. AS YOU CAN SEE, SHEILA IS VERY HAPPY HERE, AREN'T YOU, DEAR?

Y-YES, FATHER... I... I'M ENJOYING MYSELF VERY MUCH...

YOU CAN SEE SHE'S MOVED TO TEARS BY THE THOUGHT OF LEAVING. SHE'S MADE LOTS OF FRIENDS HERE OF MANY DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES...

YOU'VE DONE GOOD WORK, FATHER ROCCASIVUS. KEEP IT UP. KEEP OUR GIRL ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW...

OH, I'LL KEEP HER ON A STRAIGHT AND NARROW ALL RIGHT... YOU CAN COUNT ON IT!

ONCE THAT LITTLE DIFFICULTY WAS TAKEN CARE OF, IT WAS BACK TO BUSINESS FOR THE FIENDISH FATHER OF HEAVEN'S MANOR...

HERE YOU ARE, "FATHER" GRODING, JUST AS YOU REQUESTED...

GOOD, GOOD. DID YOU MISS ME, MY SWEET ANGEL? MY COCK AND I MISSED YOU...

AHHH... P-PLEASE SIR... PLEASE... NO...

AND HER "PLAYMATE" HAS BEEN PREPARED AS WELL, LIKE YOU REQUESTED.

EXCELLENT! COME WITH ME, MY SWEET...

IT WAS WITH PURE TERROR THAT ANGELA DID AS SHE WAS TOLD WHEN FATHER ROCCASILIUS ORDERED HER TO PUT ON THE PINK BALLERINA COSTUME. NOT KNOWING WHY, ANGELA SHOOK LIKE A LEAF IN THE WIND AS SHE SLIPPED ON THE SOFT, FRILLY GOWN THEN SLID THE BLINDFOLD OVER HER EYES. THE AWFUL STENCH OF MR. GRODING BROUGHT BACK ALL THE TERRIBLE MEMORIES OF ABUSE AND PAIN THAT SHE HAD SUFFERED AT THE FAT MAN'S HANDS... THIS TIME, ANGELA DID NOT RESIST.

MR. GRODING MANHANDLED THE PRETTY PINK PRINCESS OUT OF FATHER ROCCASILIUS' OFFICE AND DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF HEAVEN'S MANOR. ANGELA STUMBLED AS SHE WAS LED DOWN THE CORRIDOR, HER TERROR ONLY GROWING WITH EACH STEP. WHAT WOULD THIS DISGUSTING, FILTHY MAN DO TO HER THIS TIME? SHE WAS TERRIFIED, AND HER MIND REELED WITH ALL THE POSSIBILITIES THAT HE COULD HAVE IN STORE FOR HER...

WHEN ANGELA WAS BROUGHT TO A ROOM, SHE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND SHEILA MITCHELL HANGING FROM THE CEILING, HER PRETTY FEET LIFTED OFF THE GROUND AND DANGLING HELPLESSLY. SHE WATCHED WITH HORROR AS MR. GRODING RAN HIS FINGERS OVER SHEILA'S BODY. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, ANGELA THOUGHT THAT SHE MIGHT ESCAPE MR. GRODING'S ATTENTION... THAT IS UNTIL MUSIC FILLED THE ROOM. MR. GRODING POINTED TO THE TABLE. "GET ON THE TABLE AND DANCE!" HE SHOUTED, STABBING HIS THICK, MEATY FINGER AT THE TABLE. TERRIFIED, ANGELA DID AS SHE WAS TOLD, HER GAZE STILL LOCKED ON MR. GRODING AS HE RETURNED TO SHEILA...

MY, YOU'RE A PRETTY ONE TOO. MY LIFE IS JUST FULL OF SURPRISES!

N-NO... PLEASE... PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE...

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JUST STANDING THERE? GET ON THE TABLE AND DANCE! ENTERTAIN ME!

B-BUT SIR... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DANCE...

WELL THEN PRETEND, DAMMIT! I DIDN'T PAY FOR YOUR DANCING SKILLS! SHOW ME SOME LEG AND SOME CROTCH, GIRL!

YES, JUST LIKE THAT! HEH HEH HEH... THAT'S A GOOD START, GIRL! KEEP GOING... I NEED TO MAKE SURE YOUR "FRIEND" OVER HERE ISN'T LEFT ALONE, AFTER ALL... HER HOLES NEED A PROPER SEEING TO!

YES SIR...

NOOOO!!! PLEASE!!! LET ME GO!!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!!! I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, ANYMORE! PLEASE! SOMEONE LET ME GO!! SOMEONE HELP MEEEEEE!!!



AHHH!!! OH GOD!!! MY BUTT!!!
NOOOO!!!! NOT THESE
AGAIN!!! PLEASE NOOOOO!!!!
STOP!!! YOU'LL KILL ME!!!

HAH! YOU'LL WISH I
WAS KILLING YOU
WHEN I'M DONE WITH
YOU! NOW TAKE IT...
ALL... THE... WAY... IN!!

THAT POOR GIRL! I
HATE TO THINK THIS,
BUT AT LEAST I'M
GLAD I'M NOT HER!

AND WE HAVE TO
MAKE SURE YOUR
PUSS GETS PLENTY
OF ATTENTION TOO!!

NOOOO!!! PLEASE
NO MORE!!! YOU
MONSTER!! HELP!!!
SOMEONE HELP ME!!!
PLEASE!!! ANYONE!!!

THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT! COME OVER HERE,
ANGELA, AND "HELP" THIS LITTLE GIRL OUT! MAKE OUT!
KISS EACH OTHER, OR I'LL CLOCK YOU INTO NEXT WEEK!

MR. GRODING BRUTALIZED AND
VIOLENTLY
RIPPED THE
PLUGS FROM
SHEILA
MITCHELL'S
CROTCH.
SHEILA'S
HELPLESS
HOLES
TWITCHED
PAINFULLY AS
MR. GRODING
WALKED OVER
TO THE TABLE
AND LIFTED
ANGELA OFF IT
WITHOUT ANY
EFFORT. THE
BLONDE
BEAUTY
SQUEAKED AS
MR. GRODING
LAID HER
DOWN ACROSS
THE HELPLESS
SHEILA
MITCHELL.
TERRIFIED,
ANGELA LAID
TENDER,
FEMININE LIPS
ON SHEILA'S
MOUTH...

AHH... OH GOD... OH GOD IT
HURTS, IT HURTS SO MUCH...

I'M SORRY... BUT I HAVE TO DO
IT! HE'LL HURT US IF I DON'T!

THERE WE GO... THAT SHOULD HAVE
STRETCHED OUT YOUR HOLES WELL
ENOUGH... NOW YOU'LL BE READY TO TAKE
MY BIG, THICK, DICK STICK! HEH HEH HEH!

OH YEAH, THAT'S NICE... YOU
TASTE REAL GOOD, ANGELA.
YOUR GIRLFRIEND HAS A REAL
TIGHT ASS, YOU KNOW THAT?
I WONDER WHICH OF YOU WILL
BE THE BETTER BUTT LAY...
TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S PLAY A
GAME... THE ONE WHO GIVES
ME THE BETTER BUTT BLOW IS
THE ONE WHO WON'T GET
WHIPPED AND CANED! HOW
DOES THAT SOUND?

NOOOO... PLEASE NO
MORE... PLEASE...

MR. GRODING BRUTALIZED BOTH
ANGELA AND SHEILA'S
ASSHOLES, HIS COCK GROWING
THICKER AND THROBBING
HARDER AS HE HEARD THE GIRLS
SQUEAL AND SCREAM AND CRY
IN PROTEST AT THIS ROUGH
HANDLING OF THEIR ABUSED
HOLES. LIKE A FINE
CONNOISSEUR, HE TESTED BOTH
OF THEIR HOLES, TO SEE WHICH
WAS THE TIGHTEST AND WOULD
THEN BE THE BEST LAY.

BOTH OF THE GIRLS LAID THERE
IN TERROR, THE SMELL OF THIS
DISGUSTING, OLD MAN FILLING
THEIR BELLIES WITH NAUSEA AND
DISMAY. MR. GRODING
CONTINUED TO PAW AND PROD AT
THE GIRLS, ENJOYING THEIR
WHIMPERING AS HE RAN HIS
HANDS OVER THEIR SOFT,
SUCCULENT BODIES...

"NOW, WHICH OF YOU GIRLS IS
GOING TO SAMPLE MY THICK
DICK FIRST? IS IT GOING TO BE
BLONDIE OR THE BRUNETTE OVER
THERE?" THE GIRLS LAID THERE
IN SILENT FEAR, AFRAID OF
BEING PICKED FIRST. MR.
GRODING GRINNED. "I THINK
IT'LL BE YOU, ANGELA! ENJOY!!"

IMPORTANT NOTICE - DISCLAIMER

All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

DISCLAIMER PAGE

WE'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN HERE
PLAYING FOR YOU, OUR
DEDICATED READERS, AND WE
HOPE YOU'VE HAD FUN TOO
READING THIS AMAZING STORY!

I KNOW I HAD A BLAST! THIS
WAS A REALLY GOOD WAY
FOR ME TO WORK OUT ALL
MY "NEEDS." TEE HEE!

WE'RE KINKY TOONS
THAT LIKE DOING
FICTIONAL ROLE PLAY
FOR OUR READERS!
THIS IS ALL
CONSENSUAL AND
EVERYONE HERE IS
AN ADULT!

AND REMEMBER, WE
ARE TOONS! WE CAN
TAKE A LOT MORE
THAN A REAL PERSON
CAN, SO PLEASE
LEAVE IT TO THE
PROFESSIONALS! WE
CAN MAKE THE HARD
STUFF FUN!

WE'RE ALL FRIENDS
OF "FATHER"
ROCCASILUS, AND
HE REALLY KNOWS
HOW TO MAKE
SOME REALLY HOT
STUFF! OOH, I'M
WET ALREADY! I
CAN'T WAIT!

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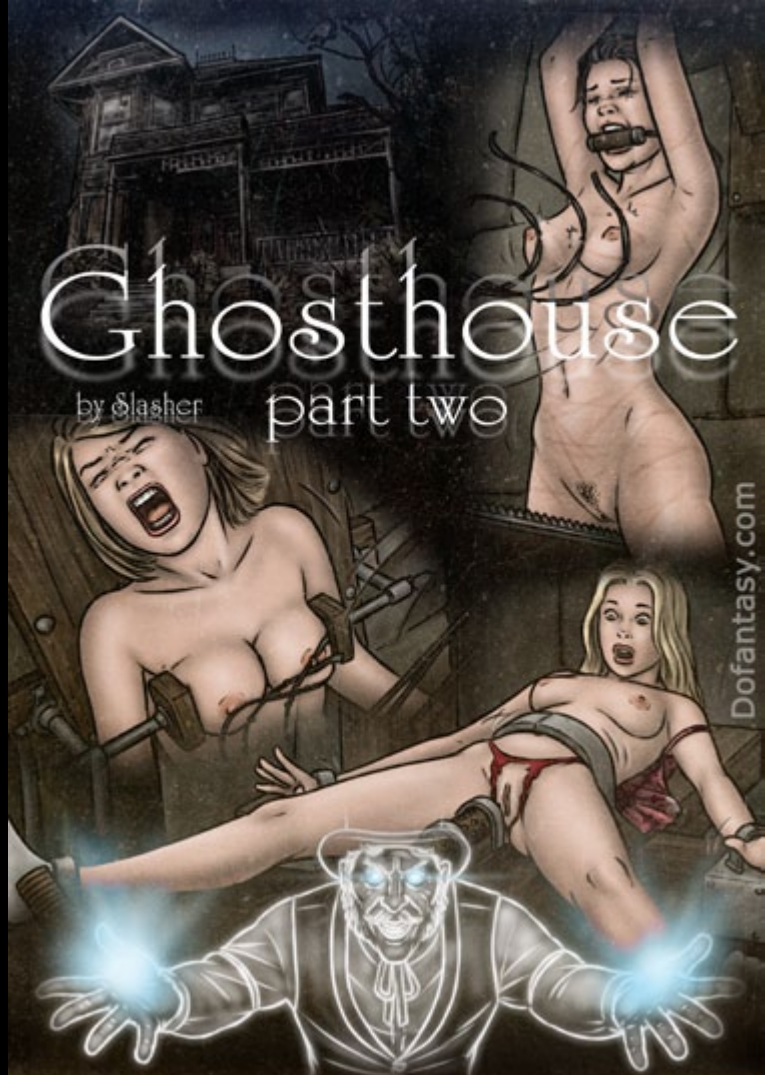
by Eromaxi



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Ghosthouse

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ERENISCH

SLUTS IN TRAINING 3



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THE HOTTIES NEXT DOOR

PREDONDO

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6

THE CAMPAIGNER



CIDADE DO DIABO

FALLEN ANGEL



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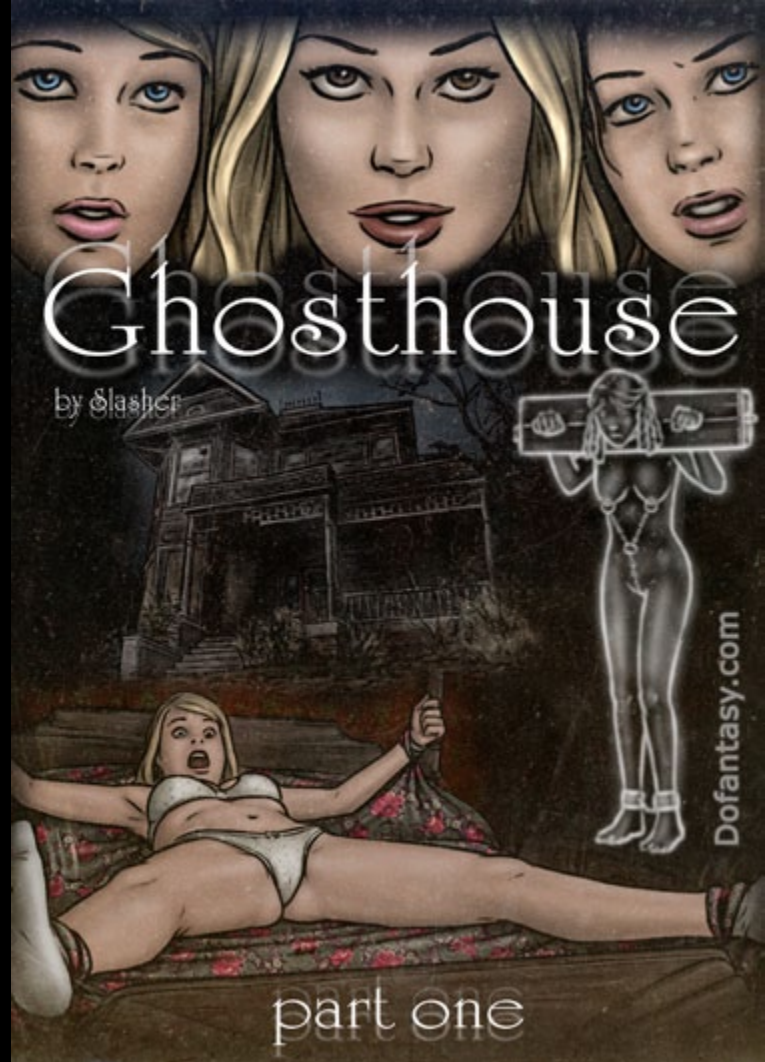


DARK FURY

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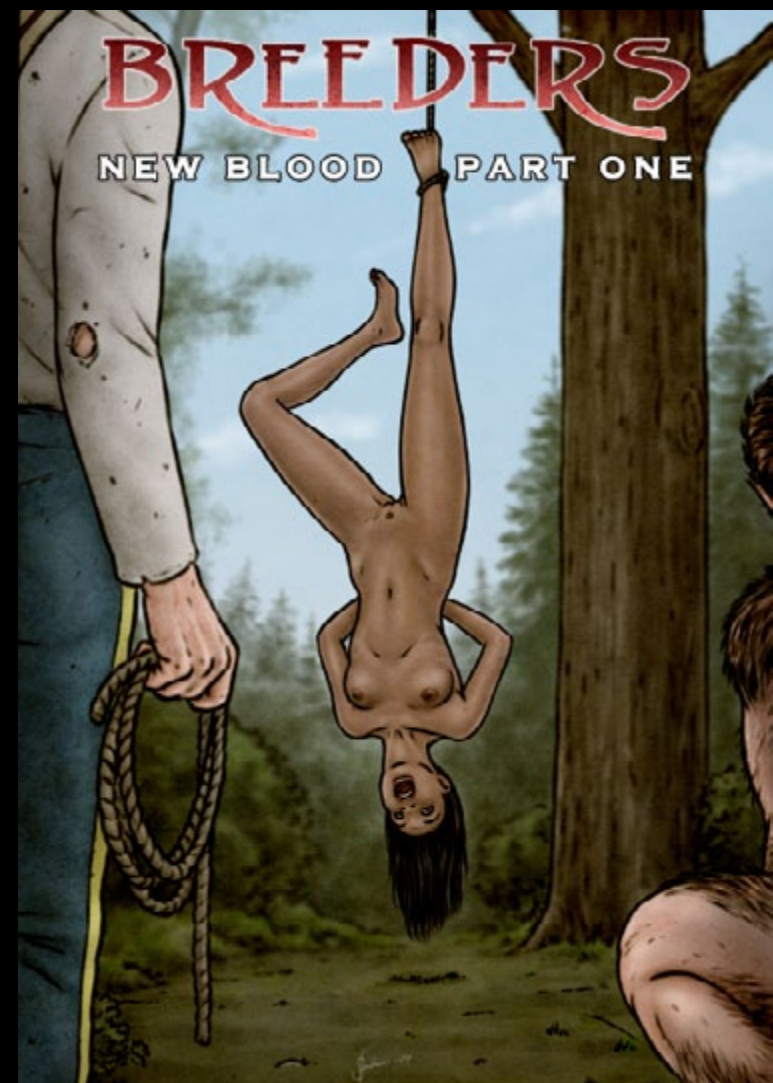
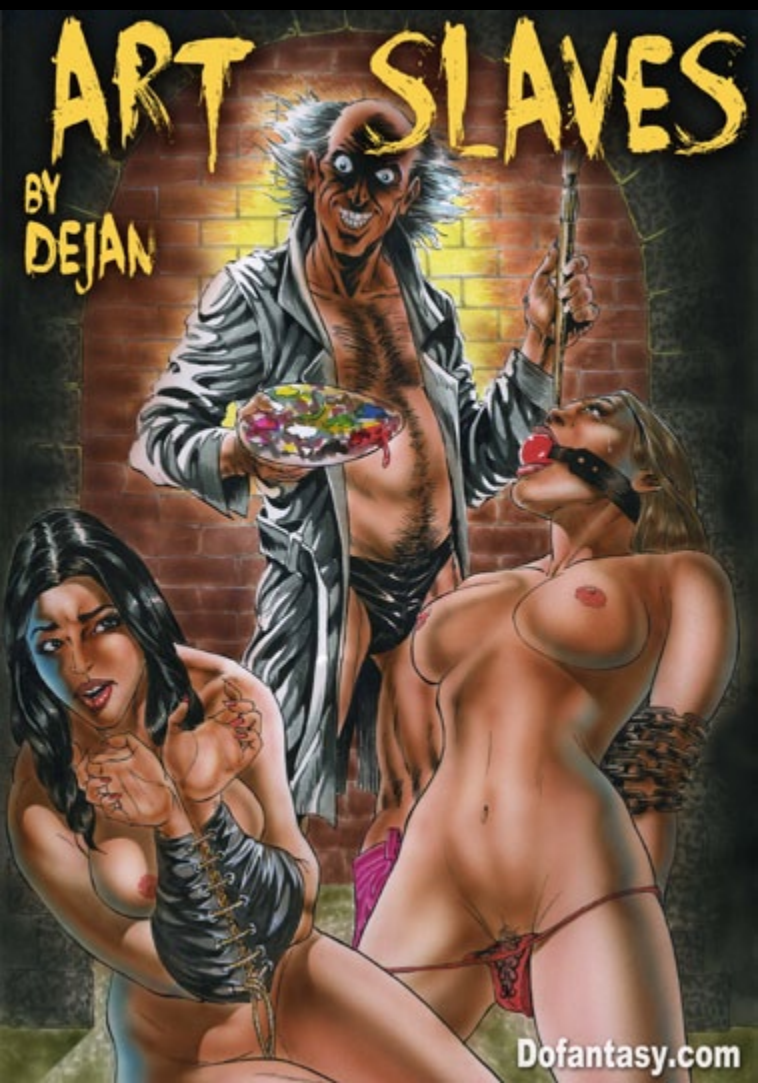


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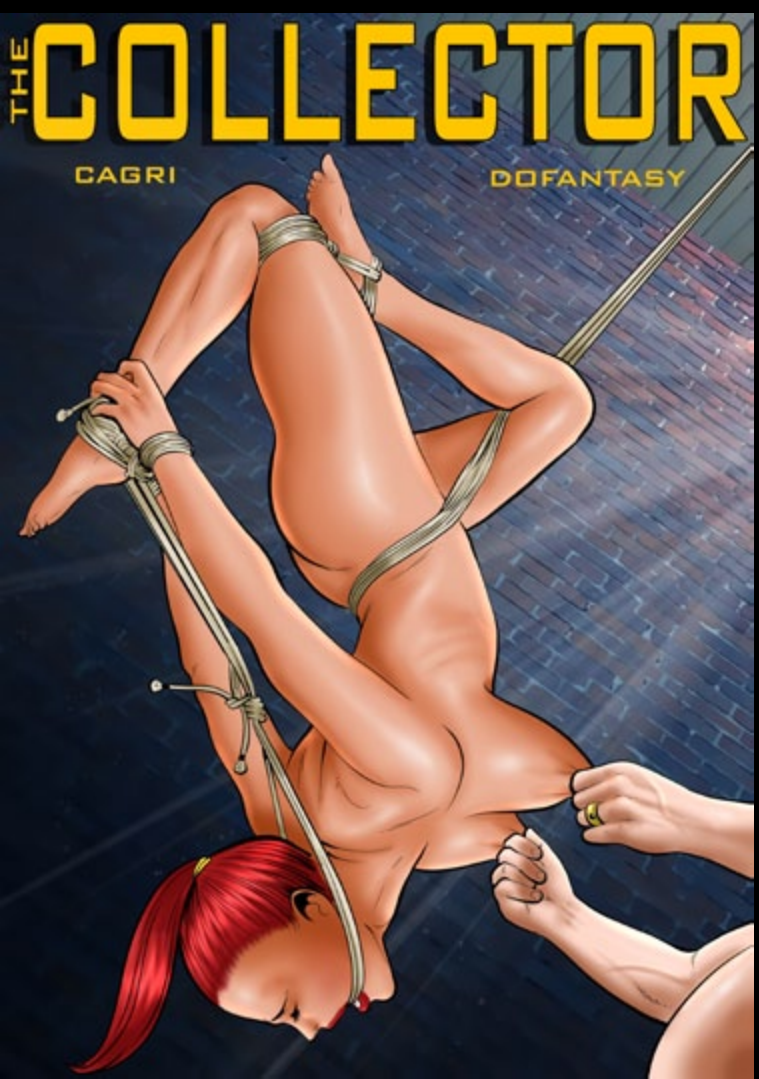


THE SLAVE FACTORY

FEATHER PART 2



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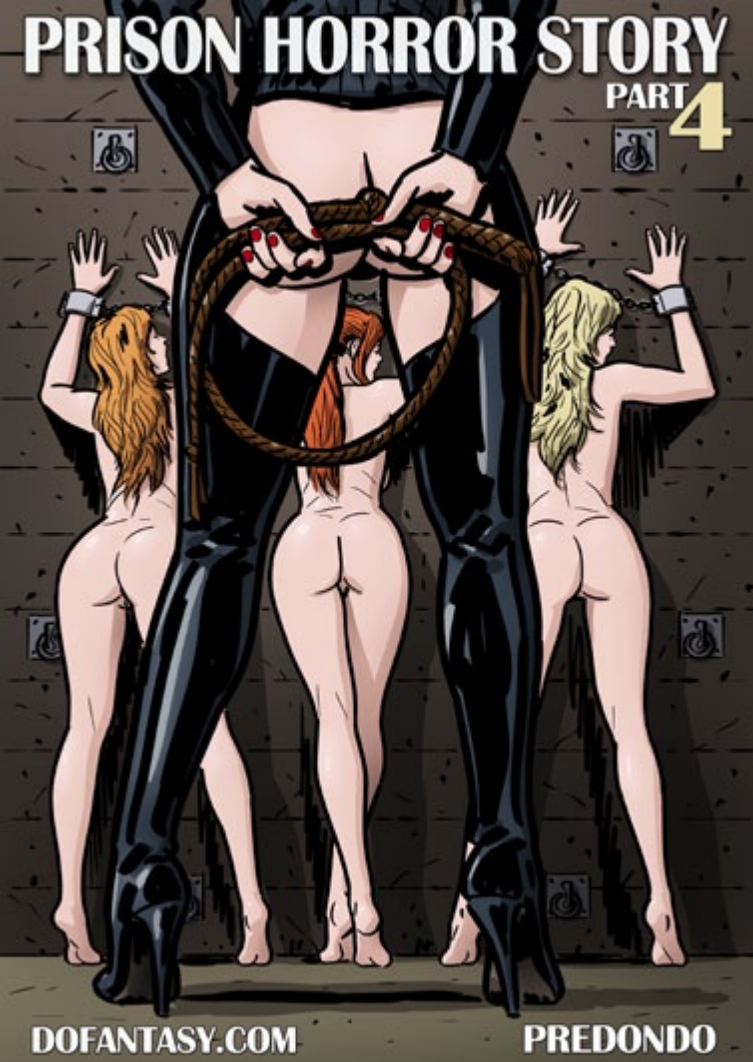
KINGSLEY'S REVENGE

Feather part **2**



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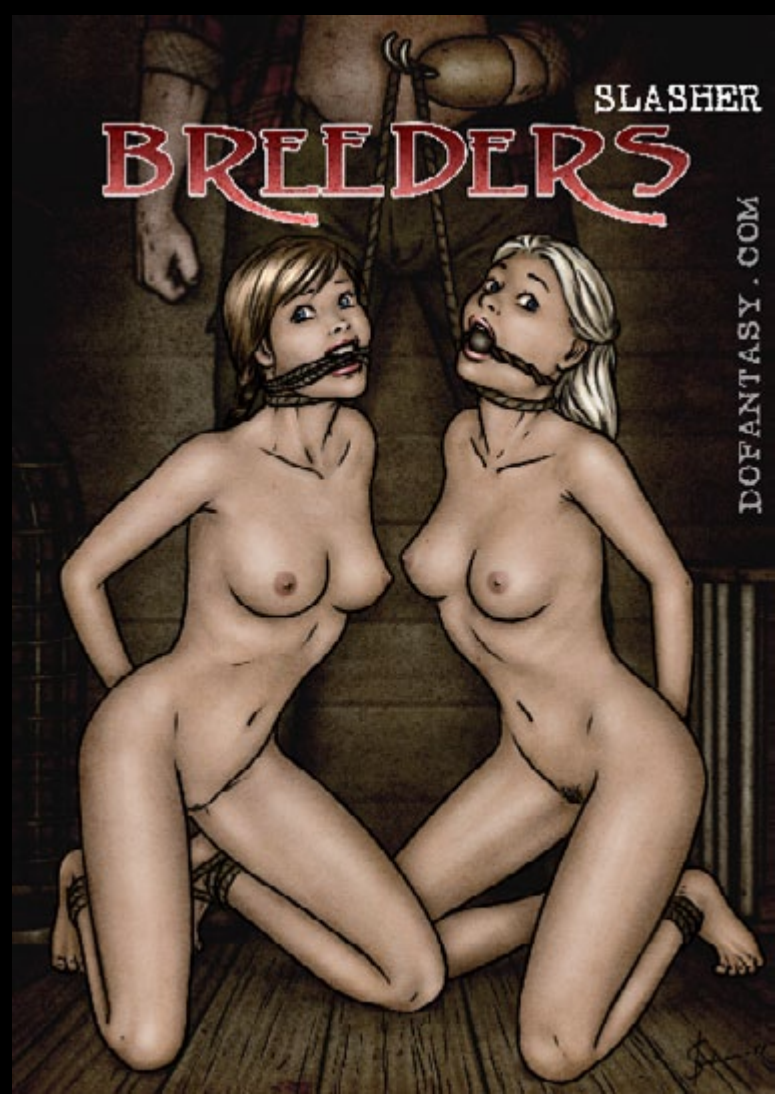


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By Ferres



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The New MISTRESS

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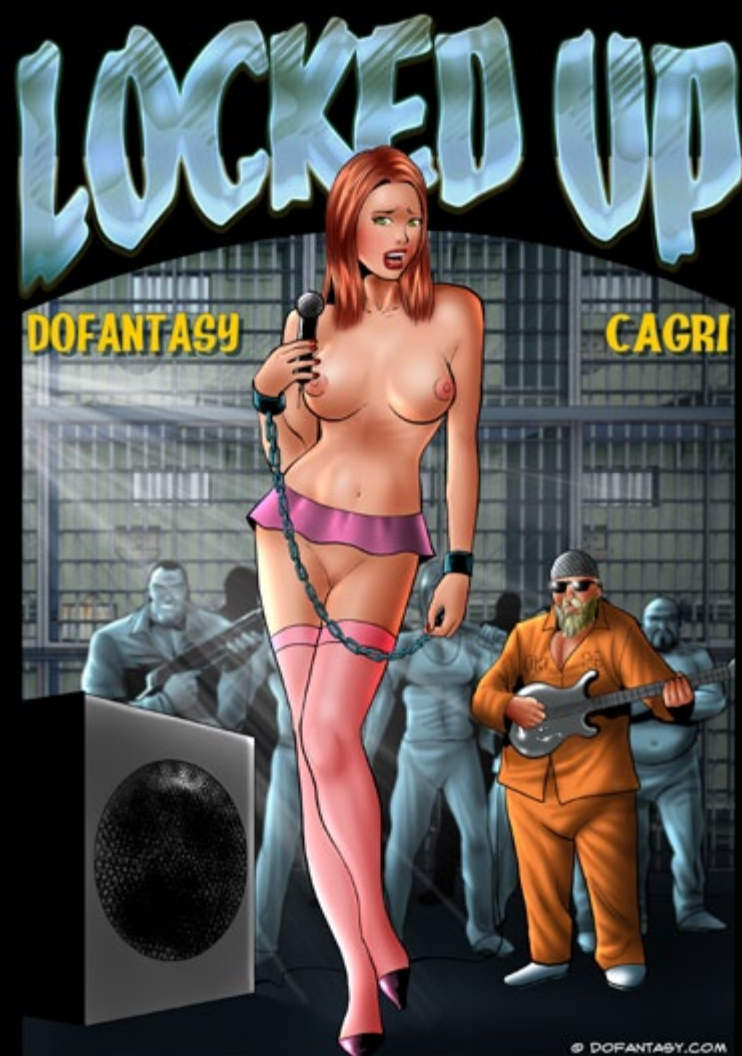


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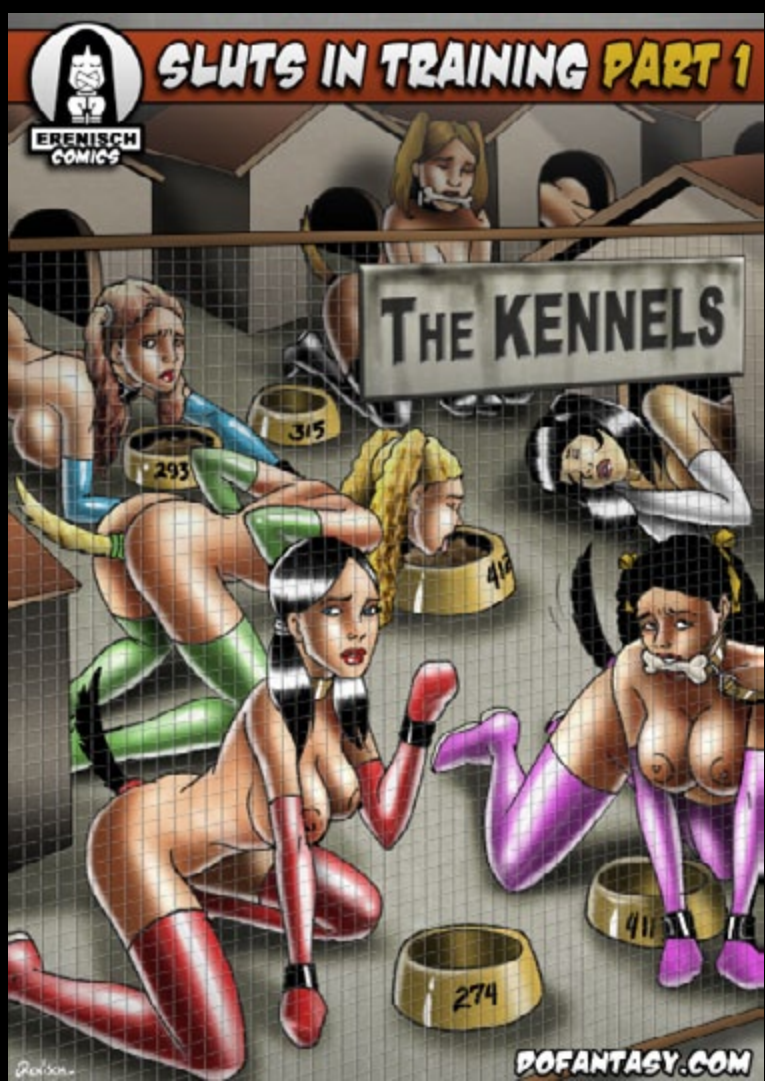


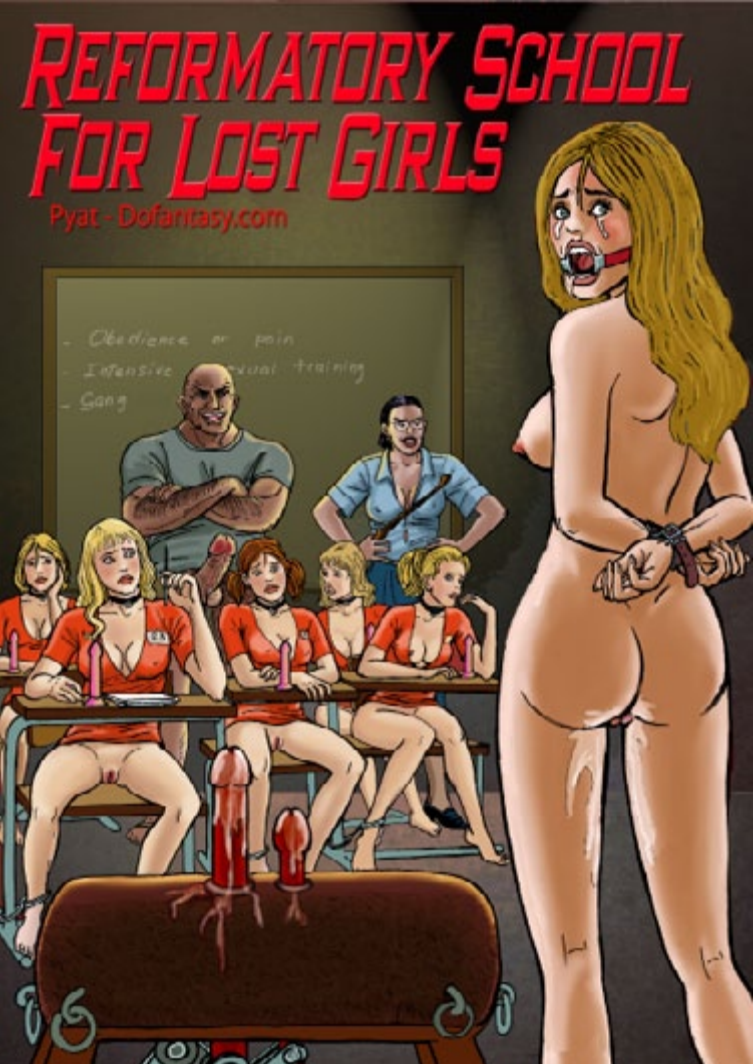
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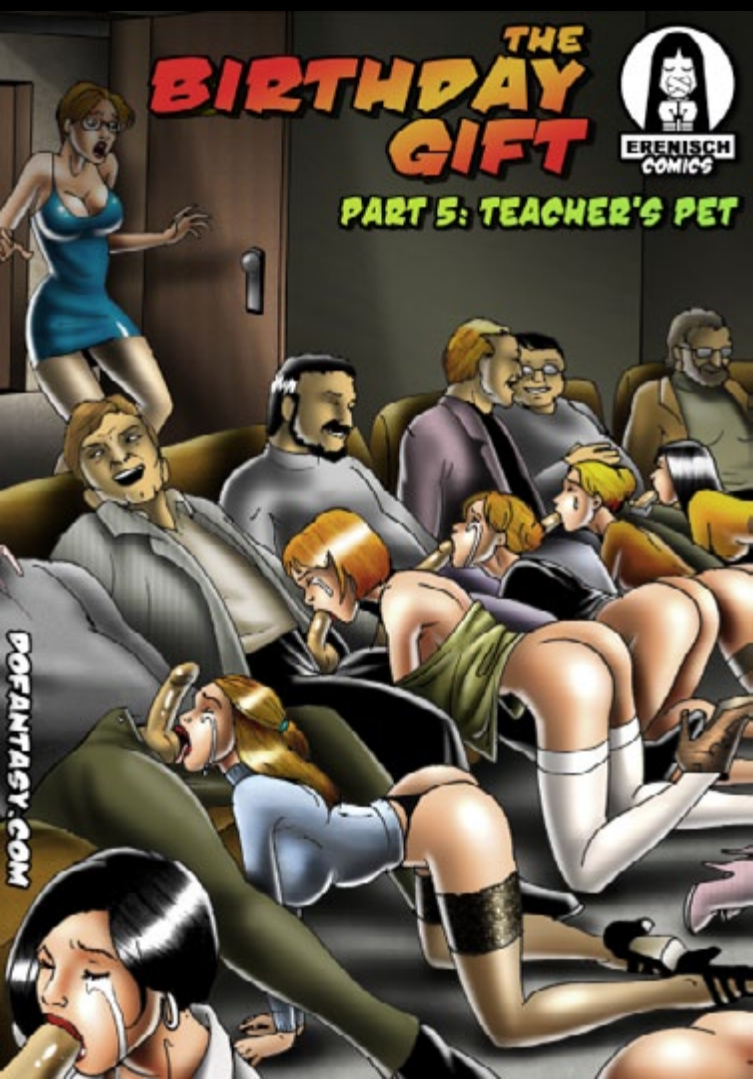
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RUTHLESS RIDER



PAYBACK'S A BITCH



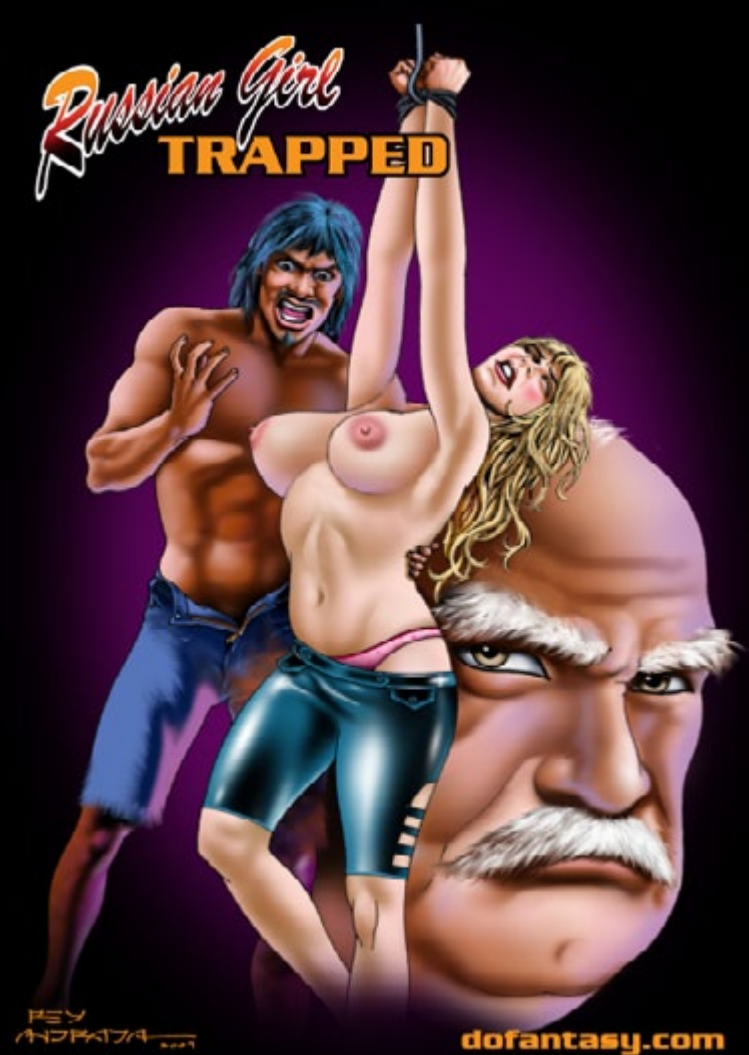
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